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No. 1373.

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CAVENDISH SOCIETY.—The Eighth Volume of GOMELIN'S HANDBOOK OF CHEMISTRY being in course of Distribution as one of the Books for 1853. Members who have not paid their Subscription for that year are requested to transmit the same to the Secretary.

The SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY MEETING of the Society will be held at the Rooms of the CHEMICAL SOCIETY, 5 Cavendish-square, on WEDNESDAY, the 1st of March, at 8 o'clock in the Afternoon.

THEOPHILUS REDWOOD, Secretary.

ARCHITECTS.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the TRUSTEES appointed by SIR JOHN SOANE will MEET at the Museum, No. 1, Lincolns-inn-fields, on FRIDAY, the 24th March, at 3 o'clock in the Afternoon precisely, to DISTRIBUTE THE DIVIDENDS which shall have accrued during the preceding year, from the sum of 5,000. Reduced 3 per Cent. Bank Annuities, invested by the late Sir John Soane, among DISTRESSED ARCHITECTS, and the Widows and Children of deceased Architects left in Distress or Distressed Circumstances.

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Journal of a Residence in the Danubian Principalities, in the Autumn and Winter of 1853. By Patrick O'Brien. Bentley.

The literature of the Eastern Question is becoming more and more voluminous every day. We have here two publications, both valuable and interesting, which may be referred to with advantage at the present moment when all minds are anxious to know fully the grounds and reasons of war. Col. Chesney has peculiar claims on our notice. Few men possess more extensive knowledge, personal and other, of the geography and statistics of the East. His testimony may always be accepted as important, when it is not decisive. The subject of the volume before us is chiefly a narrative of the operations which led to the Treaty of Adrianople. It will be read with additional curiosity because in every page recur names with which we have been made familiar by reports of more recent military occurrences.—Shumla and the Balkan in Europe, Kara and Akhaltish in Asia. A view of the negotiations of last year and speculations on the capacity of the Turkish Empire for resistance, complete Col. Chesney's work,—which is written throughout in a fine manly spirit. We cordially recommend it to our readers as the best historical companion they can possess during the campaigns which are about to open.

Written in a different mood and with different objects, Mr. O'Brien's book is equally commendable in its way. It contains an account of a flying visit to Wallachia during the operations on the banks of the Danube last autumn. The author left Constantinople in September, and after some rough weather reached the entrance of the great river, which the Russians have so faithfully promised to keep open. The bar was impassable; the expanse of water in front was strewed with wrecks, some of which lay half uncovered, while of others the masts only were seen. Nearly every vessel that had attempted to sail with a cargo for a long time previously had been wrecked. The Russian dredging-machine was lying idle at the mouth, dirty and uncared for, guarded by a small gun-boat, that seemed manned by "a long marine in a mud-coloured great-coat, who hung over the bulwarks dropping bits of straw into the tide."

Having got over the difficulties of quarantine, Mr. O'Brien visited Ibraila—"literally running over with corn, a great portion of which must perish for want of means of transport"—and Galatz, on the road to which was met a *corps* of Russian soldiers.—

"They were turning out for parade as we went through. They appeared, in general, well-made soldierly-looking fellows, especially the non-commissioned officers, who were mostly men between thirty and forty years of age, with a stern veteran look. The uniform was a green coatee, with white painted cross-belts and white trousers. They wore helmets, something like those of the London fire-brigade. The point, which rises to about four inches from the top of the helmet, is made of brass, and on the front is the eagle of Russia, of the same metal. The muskets had percussion locks, and the barrels were polished and had brass rings round them, and seemed altogether to be modelled on the common French firelock. They carried their great-coats in a round leather case on the top of their knapsacks, which were made of cow-hide. I observed that they did not wear highhows like our soldiers, but Wellington boots. The uniform worn by these men I have since learned to be that of nearly all the Rus-

sian infantry of the line. When the Russian soldier returns to his quarters, he instantly puts aside his helmet, coatee, cross-belts, and trousers, and turns out in his drawers, which reach below the knee, till they are met by the Wellington boot, and he wears a flat foraging cap of dark cloth, and a fawn-coloured great-coat, which is gathered in at the waist and comes down to his ankles. It is in this dress that he performs all fatigue duty. I am sorry to say that the bright clean appearance of the Russian soldier when on parade is confined to the surface, for his shirt, drawers, and other under-garments are generally in an alarming state of dirt."

Proceeding up the Danube, Mr. O'Brien noticed evidences of the presence of war on either hand, although no Russian troops were at first visible.—

"At Hirsova there was a Turkish force. On the heights were several batteries of field artillery, with horses standing near; and amongst the soldiers moving about the town and along the river-side I observed the fusillette and glittering arms of the Albanians. The next town above Hirsova is Tcher-navoda. Here there was also a strong Turkish force, somewhat similar to that at Hirsova. Built out into the river were several flour-mills; but the current in that part is not very strong, and the wheels turned but slowly. There were fishermen on the bank arranging their nets and repairing their long canoe-like boats, and beside them their half-naked children at play. We saw women passing with burthens on their heads, and labourers working in the fields hard by, and we could hear the droway hum of the wheels of the mills. These formed a strange contrast to the frowning preparations for war visible all around. Close to the fishermen swaggered the fierce Albanian armed to the teeth; and from behind the moated wall, near which the labourer tilled the soil, peered forth the dread artillery. And the sun was smiling brightly upon all—upon the little children playing by their father's side and upon the Arnout, whose trade is strife—upon the signs of gentle rural life, and upon the bristling armaments of the camp."

On arriving at Giurgevo—a name now familiar in every mouth—the following amusing illustration of the difficulties to be met by an English traveller in a country where Russian influence is at work, occurred.—

"On landing, our passports were taken from us by the police, our baggage was examined by the Custom-house officers; we were asked a number of questions as to our name, age, social position, prospects in life, where we were going to, and whence we had come from; and then we were turned into a stable-yard, where there were some men making feint of getting ready a huge wagon, which it was said was to convey us to Bucharest. The distance from Giurgevo to Bucharest is only about forty miles, and as it was then but one o'clock in the afternoon we had a fair chance of arriving at our destination at a reasonable hour in the evening. It is not pleasant in these out-of-the-way places to arrive late at night in a strange town, or even at a friend's house; for the best of friends and trust of Amphytrions will be sure, in any country, to mingle his welcome with curses, if you rouse him out of his first sleep, and force him to do the honours of his house in his night-shirt. I politely opened my mind on this subject to the youth who was to act as our postilion, and he, being a boy of the world, at once acknowledged the propriety of my reasoning. He called the conductor; my baggage was quickly hoisted up to the top of the coach, carefully corded down, and then covered with a tarpaulin. The conductor jumped on the imperial to see that all was right, the postilion cracked his whip, and eight hours after I found myself standing in the coach-yard at Giurgevo, in the very place where I had held my conference with the postilion. The coach had not stirred from the spot where we first discovered it on landing. It was not the fault of the postilion, for he was willing to start, and so was the conductor, and so were the passengers. It was, on the contrary, the most absurd of obstacles which prevented our going; it was simply that there were no horses. The horses were all this time in a distant stable waiting the orders of the police, and the police would not set the horses free till they had deciphered our

passports. The gift of tongues does not appear to be amongst the attributes of the Wallachian police, for it was only after eight hours' incessant labour that they succeeded in understanding the important document which invited the allies of Great Britain to admit me freely into their territories. My passport was certainly rendered into the vernacular in the most satisfactory way, for I afterwards had the pleasure of seeing my name in the list of arrivals as 'Domnou Richard negustor,' or travelling clerk. For my name they had put that of the Ambassador which was at the head of the passport, but the appended title I beg leave to say is a Wallachian creation. 'Travelling on the continent,' the words in the passport, was the cause of my being put down as belonging to Mr. Cobden's useful corps. It reminds me of one of the Palais Royal jokes, where a gentleman is coming down stairs at his hotel with the favourite of the Prince of Seltzer-wasser. 'What can we do for you?' says the favourite to his companion. They were just then at the bottom of the stairs, and our friend, turning to the porter's lodge, called out, 'Le cordon s'il vous plaît.' The next morning, to his surprise, he received from the Prince the cross of the Silver Spoon."

Having at length got horses, Mr. O'Brien proceeded as fast as he could to Bucharest, not without misgivings of Cossacks and other unpleasant encounters. On reaching the khan, which forms the half-way house, another meeting with Russian troops suggests the passage which admirably strikes off the character of the nation that has engaged in a struggle against the peace and the laws of Europe.—

"There were about five hundred Russians quartered in the neighbourhood of the khan. They had that staid, soldierly look which is the effect of severe discipline. This I observed to be the characteristic of nearly all the Russian soldiers that I have seen in the Principalities. The exceptions are the young recruits, who of course are not yet properly formed. I have never observed any appearance of light-heartedness among the Russian soldiers even when off duty. It is true that at times, in marching, whole battalions sing in chorus either the National Anthem, which is a fine, solemn air, or some wild melody, generally of a warlike character, interspersed with sharp cries and an occasional shrill whistle. These latter songs are particularly animated and spirit stirring, and the quick rattle of the drum, which is the sole instrumental accompaniment, increases their exciting character. To the listener there is something sublime in thus hearing thousands of manly voices blended together in chorus uttering sentiments of devotion to God and the Emperor, or of fierce defiance to the enemies of the Czar. But even in these exhibitions the sternness of military rule is seen. Upon the faces of the men thus engaged no trace of emotion is visible; their tread is measured; their forms are erect; they are obeying a command, and not an impulse. The emotions of the heart seem to have been drilled into order, and expressions of love or anger, devotion or revenge, are only awakened by the voice of their commander."

The habitations of the Wallachian peasantry which Mr. O'Brien observed on his way struck him as rather pleasing in appearance. They compared advantageously, at any rate, in his mind, with the cabins of the Irish. Possibly, however, he had no leisure to explore the by-places of the Principalities, where the people live in holes scooped out of the ground, with a roof of branches and earth, almost imperceptible at a distance. The unaccustomed eye can, indeed, discover no traces of a village, except the smoke rising from the fires lighted near the doors for cooking purposes.—

"It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when we came in sight of Bucharest. Though near the first of October it was a bright sunny day, and quite as warm as it is generally in London in the month of July. Seen at a little distance, Bucharest appears a very handsome city. It contains some three hundred churches, and each of these has two or more tall spires. Most of the public buildings are also crowned by turrets or domes. Every spire, turret,

and dome is covered with tin. A thin, gauze-like vapour hung upon the lower buildings, softening their outline, and above this waving cloud rose the thousand domes, spires and turrets, sparkling with almost dazzling brightness in the sun. They crowned the city like a silver diadem. Bucharest covers nearly as great an extent of ground as Paris, but a third of the space is taken up with gardens, so that one saw the bright green foliage of the trees, appearing here and there above the shadowy vapour, and this served to increase the charming effect of the whole scene. I was not so much disappointed as I expected to be, on entering the city. After passing the gate, where, as I need not say, I had to show my passport, and answer the three hundred questions in the Russian police catechism, we drove through a long faubourg of alternate gardens and one-storyed houses, till we reached a broad well-built street, containing some fine buildings."

At Bucharest, Mr. O'Brien learned a series of incidents, which he has arranged into an interesting story, too long for extract. With the exception of the romantic and improbable meeting at the end, we believe the main facts have been already mentioned by Mr. Longworth, in his 'Travels in Circassia.'

At Bucharest our author was of course regarded with a suspicious eye by the Russian authorities. However, he seems accustomed to get over police difficulties, and was soon on his way with despatches back towards the Danube. He arrived in time to witness some portion of the Turkish operations on the island of Mokan, of which we have heard so much.—

"At dawn, on the 2nd of November, eleven boats filled with men were discovered coming down the river from the direction of Rutschuck and making towards Mokan. The fog was very thick, so that the boats were half way through when the alarm was given. There was only one point at Giurgevo from which artillery could reach these boats, and from this point the Russian guns were distant about half a quarter of a mile. Before these guns could be brought up, eight of the boats had reached Mokan and landed their men, but three still remained, and upon these the Russian artillery opened their fire. No sooner had the first gun been fired than a Turkish war steamer came out from Rutschuck and sweeping bravely down the river took the boats in tow and returned the fire of the Russians. Giurgevo at the point where the guns were stationed is about thirty-five or forty feet above the level of the river. The steamer was on the outside of the first island; she had, therefore, to fire over the island and on to the height where the artillery was stationed. This the people on board the steamer performed with a scientific skill difficult to surpass. One shot from the steamer killed a Wallachian sentry, another struck a house in the town at about three feet from the ground, making a breach in the front wall, and then ricochetting, broke its way through a second wall; and a third shot killed a woman in one of the streets, which is about a hundred yards from the bank of the river. I mention these details to show that the Turkish artillerymen know their business, for firing, as they did, by parabole is not a thing to be learned in a day. All this time the men in the boats, taken in tow by the steamer, were standing up and firing their muskets, as if in defiance, though the shots were dropping around them. The three boats finally reached the island and landed their men, and the steamer anchored close in on the Turkish bank of the mainland. As far as I could see of the men on the island of Mokan, through a very good glass, and of the others who came to reinforce them on the following days, they must have been all irregular troops. The Turks are still (19th November) in possession of Mokan, though various attempts have been made to dislodge them, one of which was officially announced as being successful. When I left Giurgevo, the Russians had two thousand infantry, a regiment of hussars, and twenty pieces of cannon in the town and the immediate neighbourhood."

Mr. O'Brien gives an animated picture of the affair of Oltenitz, for which we must refer our readers to his volume. As will be seen from

the specimens extracted, it is written in a light and attractive style. The short time occupied in the journey, however, prevented the traveller from collecting materials for picturesque description. In this respect both Wallachia and Moldavia have been somewhat neglected. They have neither of them attracted the ordinary tourist, who seeks ruined temples and not unfortunate races to study, and who finds more pleasure in contemplating in lazy beatitude the sublime outlines of Nature, than in peering down moral vistas where he may see much that will be of profit, but somewhat also that will give him pain.

Thomas Clarkson: a Monograph. Being a Contribution towards the History of the Abolition of the Slave-Trade and Slavery. By James Elmes. Blackader & Co.

This book, though well meant, does not keep the promise made by its title-page. It is no Monograph (as we understand the word) on Thomas Clarkson; it is merely a rambling and disproportioned sketch of the great achievement done by the philanthropists of England; begun and ended, it is true, among references to Clarkson, but in no respect confining itself to his deeds and services as a philanthropist nor to his characteristics as a man.—Then, Mr. Elmes is, for our taste, too perpetually on stilts. His preface is nearly as thickly crammed with well-known classical quotations and examples as the letters of the *Reverend Elias Brand* in Richardson's *'Clarissa.'* His preliminary apology, too, for that which has been alleged to be Clarkson's foible—an undue amount of self-reference,—will strike most readers as well intentioned rather than happy.—

"Hogarth boasted to Reynolds, that when his *Marriage à-la-Mode* came out he should gratify the world with a sight they had never seen equalled; Buffon, says Mr. D'Israeli, wrote his own panegyric beneath his statue in the library of the *Jardin des Plantes*, and asserted of the great geniuses of modern ages, 'there are but five, Bacon, Newton, Liebnitz, Montesquieu, and MYSELF.' Our Bishop Watson felt such a strong consciousness of his powers, and that whatever he did he did in his best manner, as a master in his art; and whatever he wrote he declared was the best work on the subject. 'When I am dead,' said our first and greatest professor of anatomy in the Royal Academy, 'you will not soon meet with another John Hunter.' Kepler, the planetary legislator, was no self-abaser, but boldly proclaims, 'I dare insult mankind by confessing that I am he who has turned science to advantage. If I am pardoned, I shall rejoice; if blamed, I shall endure it. The die is cast, I have written this book; and whether it be read by posterity, or by my contemporaries, is of no consequence. It may well wait for a reader during one century, when God himself, during six thousand years, has not sent an observer like myself.' His discoveries have been verified, and he stands aloft in the midst of the brightest geniuses of his times. *Ego et rex meus*, said Wolsey; and who doubts the pre-eminence, be it for good or evil? But why multiply instances, when the half of those which now crowd upon my memory would fill a book? Shakespeare says—

*Self-love is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting."*

Has Mr. Elmes forgotten that the devotional spirit, which may be assumed to influence a philanthropist more directly than a Hogarth, a Hunter, or a Wolsey, might be assumed, also, to make its tenant less arrogant than men of imagination, or of science, or of successful ambition are apt to be? He is unlucky in his parallels; with an exercise of riper judgment he would have pointed to mortal incompleteness as the apology for a narrow glorification (if such there was) on the part of the veteran apologist,—claiming a gentle judgment in proportion as it was frankly admitted. Persecuted men may be

pardoned if they wrap themselves up in their virtue so tightly, that in the end the garment acquires some of the unhealthy qualities of a *Dejanira's* shirt,—or, at least, renders them incapable of diffusing all the charitable influences which might hourly have flowed forth from the same persons had not they been compelled so long to stiffen themselves up in silent self-consciousness and passive resistance. To make Mr. Elmes a present of an illustration:—Critical injustice and public indifference helped to make Wordsworth vain. Liverpool violence and Bristol ribaldry may, in like manner, have done their part towards deifying Clarkson in his own eyes.

It would serve no good purpose were we to illustrate at any length what we consider the disproporitions of this volume. Another, however, we must mention. Towards the end of his Monograph, Mr. Elmes seems almost to lay Clarkson aside, that he may indulge in a panegyric of Haydon,—*à propos* of Haydon's picture of 'The Anti-Slavery Convention,' making reference to the artist's recently published Diary concerning that picture, and to irrelevant talk concerning Lady Byron, Mrs. Jameson, and the Duchess of Sutherland, but totally overlooking that characteristic passage which was quoted in the *Athenæum*,—describing how the good old man of Playford Hall called in his six maid-servants to see the artist begin his portrait. Mr. Elmes, it is possible, did not intend his book for the general reader; but even the sectarian one—who will swallow and digest strange things in the health and appetite of his hearty zeal—must, we think, find this Monograph at once meagre in meaning and crowded with needless detail.

THE MINOR MINSTRELS.

THE birds of the woods and the birds of the air will sing through the summer day, though no one chooses to stand by and listen to their lays. So will the Minor Minstrels of the town or country. The voice of song would seem to be its own "exceeding great reward": else why, in face of public scorn and critical neglect, these never-ceasing carols in the public ear? No doubt, the love of song—the aspiration to create and utter forth a music that shall woo the sense of millions—is a glorious love, a noble aspiration. Even to fail in the attempt is something. A worthy effort, even should it miss the crown, is yet an evidence of gracious instincts. In a world not over-fond just now of sacrifice—not kindly given to those who seek investments of faculty and power in enterprises which can bring no tangible and direct returns—returns negotiable on the mart or the Exchange,—it is something even to nurse a preference for ideal pleasures and to lay up hope in spiritual garners. The Minor Minstrels, as it must be owned, content themselves with little. They cultivate a patient and unselfish spirit. Engaged in the ministry of Love—in the service of Beauty—they are doomed to serve for ever in the shadows of the temple. To them the applauses of the excited worshippers are not addressed. They hear the hymn of praise—they see the incense rising from the ground; but they feel that these are not for them. The higher ministrants gain all the honour; they stand for ever in the general gaze; they carry off the gifts and thanks of the crowded congregation. The minor votaries of the god of song must be content to serve—to serve unnoticed and unknown. Such service has its pleasures, doubtless; but the incentive to it is assuredly not a selfish one.

We would not willingly say one word—throw out one hint—that might tend to spoil a good

clerk and make a bad poet. We would warn the thoughtless youth, that it is sad folly—

To pen a stanza when he should engross;

but, it may be, that for the many who will sing in spite of warning—who sing because the heart throbs musically—who write in verse because they think in rhythm—the world has, perhaps, a stronger feeling of distrust than they deserve. The Minor Minstrel has his office. Whatever the quality of his music, the aim is high, the hope ardent. A class of writers who spread abroad through their several circles some taste for letters—who preach, according to their power, the doctrine that the element of Fancy is essential even in a world of Fact—who make it a business of their lives to diffuse a love of Beauty—should not be wholly despised. Each to his proper use. The little stream is not—and cannot be—a rushing river; yet has it an office in the grand economy of Nature. We need our Rhines and Amazons; they bear our ships upon their ample bosoms to the greater waters. But the village streams, the nameless rills, which penetrate every valley, leap down every hill side, or calmly flow through every meadow, fertilize the land and prepare the harvest.

Like the village streamlet, the minor poet often has his little sphere of duty and activity. He has his circle of private friends, family connexions, local associates. To these he is what the greater singer is to the greater world. Such a singer for the homesteads of few is the Rev. James Banks. His *Nugæ: the Solace of Rare Leisure*, do not pretend to vie with the greater effusions of the sons of song. They whisper pleasantly of domestic love and household affections,—and tell the tale of hopes achieved and duty done. An outside world may care but little for the homely music here delivered; nevertheless, the singing is not all in vain. Though it brings back echoes to the ear and memories to the mind, it has, also, its own individual cadence, like the sound of a village bell.—But Mr. Banks shall play his own short tune.—

I stood beside those dear old trees,
And calmly wood the western breeze
That up the valley sung:
The path I trod was holy ground :
On each green turf, each verdant mound,
Some precious memory hung.
Twas solemn, yet not sad, I ween,
That churchyard walk, that sylvan scene
Of days when we were young.
Strange that to us the place of death
Is where we drew our earliest breath
In childhood's joyous spring :
Strange that our boyish rendezvous
Was where, around yon darksome yew,
Tall tombs lie clustering.
No superstition marr'd our walk :
No ghost behind our steps did stalk,
To our imagining.
Methinks it was but yesterday,
Tho' years and years have pass'd away,
When my young heart did dream,
E'en here, of olden power and might,
Of Barons bold and ladies bright,
And many a courtly theme,
Which you fair prospect yet might raise :
Alas! the buoyant fancy strays
Into the worldy stream.

The Rev. R. W. Essington sends forth a bar of music in the hope that it may return to him a bar of gold. *Ceci Morinel, a Tale*, is published "that it may assist in completing the parish church of Shenstone." The motive is to be respected;—as to the tale itself, it is written in a spirited manner—in an effective ballad metre. It does not, however, admit of extract, as the poetic element is subordinated almost entirely to that of the narrative. A fragment of china would as well represent a Dresden vase as a few lines of extract the tale of 'Ceci Morinel.'—To Mr. John Dawson Hull's *Lays of Many Years*, the most indulgent critic would be able to award scant praise. The writer

means well, but he sings ill. His lyre wants tone—his chant vigour. Domestic subjects are the general themes of his "wood notes" *mild*.

—Very different are *The Lays of Modern Rome*,—these latter sounding like the neigh of the war-horse by comparison with the dove-like cooing of 'Many Years.' The manner, however, is old, if the matter be new;—that which another voice has done for Horatius Cocles and the Decii is here done in a feebler style for Cicero and Pio Nono. Some lines addressed to the French Republic after the occupation of Rome by the armies of Louis Napoleon, may be given as fair samples of this new celebration of the glories of the Eternal City.—

Beneath the walls for which they fought and bled
I hear the low sad voices of the dead :

"Republic! thou that pierc'dst a sister's side,
The avenger comes to smite thee in thy pride;

E'en now Confusion knocks on thy council walls,

And Terror knocketh impatient at thy gates.

The sword you drew, thou false one, on the free,—

That very sword is waving over thee.

Thou show'st not pity, and let none be shown,

Now that thy victims' sorrows are thine own.

There, in thine agony, ere yet the tomb

Has clos'd upon thee, murderer! think of Rome."

Unwept, unblest thy fall,—not thus who die

Martyrs to thee, thou glorious Liberty!

And is the race which worshipp'd at thy shrine,

Which err'd and sinn'd for thee, no longer thine?

Does France hold forth the hand, and ask again,

The jealous keeper and the ready chain,

Lest, as of old, her blood-red flag unfurld,

She shake the feeble barriers of the world,

And, blushing for the present and the past,

Own that the despot is her choice at last?

From Mr. Henry Holt we have a series of Odes, in two separate publications. The first contains *Odes to Faith, Hope, and Charity!* the second work bears the title—*Prince Albert, Wellington, Peel, the Praises of Torquay, and other Poems*. In the preface to the latter work, we are assured that "the Ode to H.R.H. Prince Albert met with very gracious reception at Court,"—an announcement which is evidently intended to shelter Mr. Holt from the critics. Does it prove that Mr. Holt is a poet, or only that the Court is polite? Good intentions are pleaded against the judgments of the severe,—we admit the plea as far as it goes, and dismiss the case with a gentle hint that such a plea may fail him on a future occasion should he re-appear in the Court of the Muses. Mr. Holt is not one of the Minor Minstrels.—*The Island Voyager, a Similitude*, is the song of one who has some fancy and some facility of versification. His idea is pretty and fantastic, suggesting a study of the old allegorists. He tells the story of a winged child, the offspring of a buoyant, gifted race, who, travelling through an archipelago inhabited by giants, falls into their way of life, and so gradually loses his wings, and becomes himself a giant. Afterwards, he is to return to his own purer habits of living, to regain his wings, and flee from the temptations of pleasure and phantasy. Only one part of the poem is yet published, and its painting is on too large a surface to admit of intelligible extract. A few lines of introduction will, however, show in what key 'The Island Voyager' is sung.—

When feathered minstrels tune their throat
In cheerful welcome of the spring,
How feeble is the wren's soft note
Amid that joyous carolling!
And should she then forbear to sing,
Because her thrilling is unheard,
Compared with many a nobler bird?

When the high arch of midnight heaven
The eye with wonder travels round,
Not to one light, we see, is given
Sole empire of that mighty bound:
Greater and lesser orbs are found
To swell with their apportioned ray
The glories of the starry way.

Go to some new-mown grassy field,
And take what lies before thy feet;
The bride's scent-casket cannot yield
A spell more exquisitely sweet.
And will one little herb entreat,
With his own lowliness depress,
To spare his fragrance with the rest!

M. Barber gives us an Andalusian story in *The Promised Hour*. It is a story without music or imagination. M. Barber has also failed to make good his claim to a place among the Minor Minstrels.—*Thoughts and Sketches in Verse*, by Caroline Dent, are chiefly meditative and religious. The verse has nerve, and the thought has freshness. The minstrel preludes pleasantly, if she does not play in the fashion of the greater bards. Of passion and imagination there may not be any powerful mixture in these rhymes; but there are grace, tenderness and delicacy on every page. Occasionally, too, there are notes in a higher strain, suggestive of a grander utterance to be gained by time and reverent culture. Let us quote from the ballad of 'Siward's Death.'

They placed him high in his trophed hall
With his burnish'd armour on,
And the warrior-fit in his deepen'd eye
With dauntless lustre shone.

He seem'd to hear the measured step
Of a banner'd host draw near,
And the sound of the trumpet's gathering call
Peal'd loud on his list'ning ear.

* * * * *

And the serfs stood round, who the headlong might
Of the conflict of had shared,
But they felt that before their Chieftain's soul
Had never so proudly dared.

* * * * *

And the minstrel look'd on his silent harp,
And he felt that a strain of power
Might yet ring forth from its magic chords,
For that peerless triumph-hour.

Proudly he look'd,—but his kindling eye
Soon turn'd from the harp away,
For the form of a spectre-hand was seen
On the voiceless chords to play.

He knew the sign! that the race he loved
Must yield to the spirit-foe,—
That the flame of old Siward's valiant soul
But gleam'd with expiring glow!

That harp must be waked on the funeral day
To the dirge's solemn wail;
Then the minstrel's hand shall be cold for aye,
And the minstrel's voice shall fail.

The sun went down, and fervently
He pour'd his setting rays
Through the trophed hall, till the warrior's mien
Was bathed in its gorgeous blaze;

But it faded soon from the skies away,
And the evening shudders fall drear;
And the hand o'er the harp more slowly moved,
And Death drew yet more near.

But yielded not that old man's form,
Nor quell'd his fiery glance;
And the only sign of his ebbing life
Was the lowering of the lance.

The hand still keeps its weak'nd grasp,
Though earthward droops the spear;
Lower, yet lower—the spirit hath pass'd—
Tis DEATH hath triumph'd here!

The Lark and the Linnet, by E. L. Follen, is the title of a collection of hymns, songs, and fables, original and translated, but principally of American origin. They address little children,—and must be left to the criticism of the nursery.—Mias (or Mistress) Bessie Rayner Parker chants the glories of Gloucester and the praises of Philosophy in her *Summer Sketches, and other Poems*. She is evidently a "strong-minded" lady,—dealing in every sort of *ism* and *ology* known between Exeter Hall and Holborn Bars. Her song is of progress, rights of man and woman, amelioration of blacks and whites, and change of

—the agricultural mind
By innovations strange and terrible.

We respect her purpose, even where we cannot share her hopes or applaud her raptures. Politics, however, are not our province,—and the progress of Tailors' Associations are questionable themes for poetic art. The following ballad is of more ideal—possibly, also, of more human—interest than *social* exercises and speculations. It is an old theme, and has an ancient moral—this story of the daughter of a king who had married for love and sacrificed her place.—

She twisted up her royal lengths
Of fallen hair with a silver pin,
Her eyes were flaming, molten depths
Which stirr'd to flame when I look'd within;

Dress'd in a gown of velvet, black,
With a diamond clasp, and a silver band,
Walk'd from the door with a stately step,
And our young son held by his mother's hand.

Walter ran by his mother's side

More like in his eyes to her than me,

The Queen would have barter'd her ivory throne

For such a blossom of royalty.

Heavily over the far hill tops

Booms the bell in the minister tower,

From city to city between the hills

Echo the bells at the burial hour.

"Amen!" saith the bough in the ten-mile forest,

"Amen!" saith the sea from its cavernous bed,

"Amen!" saith the people when bow'd at the sorrest,

"Who is dead?" said the rooks, "who is dead? who is dead?"

The young man is dead, in his strength, in his beauty,
His curls lie loose on his white-fringed pall;

Loud cry the people and priests at the altar,

Sole walls the requiem over them all.

Low in the midst of the Church of the Merciful

Lieth the young man,—gone to his rest,

His sword is sheath'd and his coronet broken,

Flowers of yesterday cover his breast.

"Babe, child, brave youth," wept the Queen in her closet,
"Heir of my name," sigh'd the King on his throne,

"Who leads us to battle?" cried they of the market,

"My lover," look'd one face as cold as a stone.

Slow toll'd the bells from the north to the southern sea,
Winds caught them up with a desolate cry,

Solemn he lies under darkening arches,

The hand of eternity press'd on each eye.

* * * *

The market-cross, with its sculptured Christ,
Mid the crush and the trample stood steady and strong,
The welded masses of voiceless folk
As a sea at midnight roll'd along.

Booming bells, as they struck the ear,
Died away in the silent skies;

Gossipping women were dumb with fear,

And each gabled house was alive with eyes.

But lo! in the distance a shadowy file,

They moved to the beat of a muffled drum,

The waves recede as for Israel's march,

And the thick crowd mutters, "They come, they come."

Where the bier was borne by the central fount,

She stood as still as the carved stone,

Saying, "O King, behold my boy,

His smile is the dead's, and his eye is your own.

"From my broad domain in one true man's heart,
From the home I chose of mine own free will,

I give you my jewel to wear in your crown,"

Then snatching him back for one last long fill

Of his rippling smiles, they heard her say,

With a haughty glance at her marriage ring,

"Well is my home by the forester's hearth,

But Walter, my son, is the heir of a king."

When the shadows fell on our quiet pool,

And the birds were asleep in the tirs overhead,

She return'd alone, but her face was white,

And her step as the step of one waked from the dead.

Sometimes our minstrel borrows from a former singer images or notes to weave into the substance of her song. Most readers will remember to have seen this image:—

The sun

Rode high in heaven, and Ella rose.

The Last Hope, and other Poems, by John Petrie,—and *Mortimer, a Tale of the Times of Owen Glendower*, by W. G. Starbuck, may be announced. Neither writer has enough of merit to call for special criticism.—*The Red-Cross Knight and School Poetry* are two little books which may be commended to such readers as they severally address. The first is a modernized version of Spenser's fine allegory; the second is a collection of choice passages from a rather limited number of classic English poets.

Hungary, Past and Present. By Emeric Szabad. Edinburgh, Black.

A brief history of England which, comprising the conquests of Hengist, should have especial reference to the last Turkish "Blue-Book," would, after all, be a heterogeneous sort of affair, in which full detail at the end would contrast strangely with meagreness at the beginning. A Keightley or a Bonnechoise compiling a narrative in which the interest of the present is not made disproportionately superior to that of the past, may, indeed, reduce the events of a long series of centuries within the limits of a comparatively small num-

ber of pages, and yet preserve something like symmetry; but when the important object with the author is the present, and the present only, the past is very likely to be treated without due regard to its value.

M. Emeric Szabad, who has favoured the English public with a new history of Hungary, from the days of Arpad to those of Kossuth, in one volume, would have produced a better book if he had increased the number of his pages, or diminished the extent of his subject. His main purpose is, to give such an account of the affairs of his country for the last five-and-twenty years as shall place in the clearest light the treachery of Austria, and render more than doubtful the policy of that apathetic position taken up by Western Europe, when the liberties of Hungary were trodden under foot by the Russian Autocrat. Consistently with this view, he inserts at length speeches delivered, not only before the Hungarian States, but also in the British Parliament,—and enlivens the narrative, not only with a few of those sketches of social life and manners which we usually find in "books of travels," but also with some half-dozen poems illustrative of the condition of Magyar literature. It is not of this heterogeneousness that we complain. The historian of his own times will naturally be prompted to set down every remarkable object that falls within the scope of his own experience, and will be rather in a passive than an active state with regard to his materials. It is to this very circumstance—that he who describes scenes in which he himself has moved, is in too *impressionable* a condition to think about what he shall state and what he shall omit—that the literature of memoirs and autobiographies owes much of its interest.

Leaving others to discuss the soundness of M. Szabad's opinion on the conduct of General Görgei—which he considers to have been suspicious, if not treacherous, during the whole of the late campaign,—and whether Kossuth was or was not a man of sufficiently stern nature to be the master of a revolutionary crisis, we may give the second half of his book the credit of being an interesting and tolerably circumstantial account of the last struggle of his unfortunate country, well fitted to awaken the sympathy of readers for the cause which is advocated. But with the first half of the book, in which we find the events of nine centuries, eight of which are completely within the limits of regular history, crammed into a compass no wider than that which is assigned to the last five-and-twenty years, we are by no means satisfied.

When the countries to which history relates are familiar to the general body of educated readers, great conciseness may sometimes be advantageously adopted, for the statements made may be intended not so much to give information to the student as to refresh his memory. But Hungary before the battle of Mohacz does not come within this category as far as the British public is concerned; and the reader approaching a new subject assuredly wants something more explicit, for instance, than this sort of narrative:—

"He (Hunyadi) expired in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and, as some say, in the arms of his comrade Capistran. His two surviving sons were Ladislaus and Matthias. Instigated by the allies, the nominal king caused both of them to be imprisoned. Ladislaus was subsequently beheaded at Buda."

All this is perfectly true; but it must make an odd impression on the English reader who goes to M. Szabad's book, as the majority of English readers will, without any Magyar lore derived from other sources. There is no other mention of Ladislaus Hunyadi; but the unfor-

tunate youth steps into the chronicle on purpose to be beheaded by his royal namesake without any why or wherefore. This unsatisfactory result, to which we could find many parallel instances, is produced by crushing a very interesting and affecting episode into the compass of three lines.

In fact, what is wanted by the English public is a full, not an abbreviated, history of Hungary; and we are the more surprised that such a history has not found its way into the body of modern English literature, because the materials are accessible, and the events are curious and interesting in the extreme. Under the circumstances, a translation of Count Mihály's History would be better than nothing, for though eminently unphilosophical, it sets forth in a vivid, entertaining manner the "stories" of the Magyar annals. Let us, however, rather hope that the "detailed history" which M. Szabad mentions in his preface as the original object of his collected materials, may some day make its appearance, and that he will not consider the meagre performance now before us as an adequate substitute for a larger work. That his knowledge of the subject far exceeds the amount of his communication there is no doubt, and in some of the latter portions of the book he displays an eloquence and a descriptive power which might be turned to good account if he were no longer shackled by the task of condensation. He is, moreover, free from that bigoted nationality which is the least amiable characteristic of the Hungarian mind, being just as willing to admit the imperfections as to extol the virtues of his country. The reign of Matthias Corvinus, the Augustan age of the Magyars, makes, in his eyes, but a poor figure when compared with the rest of Europe; and he does not offer the inconsistent spectacle of a patriot complaining in one voice of the injustice of foreign aggression, and recounting in another the "glorious" depredations committed by his countrymen in those early days when the Magyars were a nuisance to Europe.

The Progress of a Painter in the Nineteenth Century: containing Conversations and Remarks upon Art. By John Burnet. Bogue.

This book holds a medium line betwixt fact and fiction,—and is thereby rendered difficult to deal with. By quoting the larger part of its Preface, we may give the reader his best chance of deciding on the value of the teaching conveyed in it:—

"This work owes its origin to a desire of rendering a difficult and dry part of education agreeable, by colouring with amusement. It does not pretend to give a minute insight into the details of Art; but makes easy of comprehension those general principles of which it is requisite for every one to possess a knowledge, who wishes to derive a gratification from contemplating the beauties of nature or of painting. In giving a connecting link to the Conversations, I have fancied that this might be attained without weariness; and by a change from 'grave to gay,' instruction, I have thought, might be conveyed without the pain attendant on abstruse thinking. The characters introduced are those with whom I was upon the most intimate terms; and their remarks, though ideal, are given, not only according to their opinions on the subject, but nearly in the very words I have heard them utter, so that they are brought upon the scene as sketches from life; if that circumstance does not give them additional weight in the argument, it at least produces a pictorial effect. The anachronisms I have been guilty of are, I hope, pardonable, as they enable me to form groups of more force and interest than a combination of artists, who would, though more correct as to time, have had less influence as to their opinions upon the general subject of the Fine Arts."

Now, the allowance above claimed for "ana-

chronism" seems an abuse of privilege calculated to impair the credit of the student. For who can doubt that the opinions of any talking artist reflect his time,—if not, in its fashions, in the means of culture and connoisseurship which it affords? The same man speaking before and after the discovery of the Elgin Marbles,—before and after the revelation of the Giotto Chapel at Padua,—or of the Frescoes at Orvieto,—might, without any stretch of imagination, be expected to use entirely different language:—and thus, the confusion of persons and epochs, if it do not tend to destroy the intrinsic authority of the precepts put into their mouths, is such as necessarily impairs the individuality of their testimony, and metamorphoses them into so many lay-figures, through the mouths of whom Mr. Burnet preaches what seems good and wholesome gospel to the younger world of Art. Such being our conviction, we shall merely extract from his volume a passage or two, containing historical anecdote rather than canonical instruction,—and these will refer to a branch of painting, worthy, it may be, of graver academic consideration than has as yet been given to it.—

"Mr. David Scaife was a scene-painter at Astley's Amphitheatre, but possessing many qualities connected with Art. In his earlier days he was a water-colour draughtsman in Edinburgh, and disputed the palm with others of that profession, confined principally within the precincts of the Scottish metropolis; among whom I may mention Carfrae, W. H. Williams, afterwards known from his views in Greece, which gained him the sobriquet of Greek Williams. He had also for a competitor, Alston, and the drawings of Farrington, the R.A., sent down annually to Scotland for sale. It may be worth mentioning, that at the time I allude to, the fashion began amongst water-colour painters to use a very rough drawing-paper, manufactured by the Messrs. Whatman, which gave their works a richness of surface, still practised by the present artists. The print-sellers and dealers in drawings not only supplied the amateurs, but furnished the libraries with examples to be lent out to schools and pupils. These, our artist Scaife used to manufacture at two-and-sixpence each, and supply the shops, not by dozens, but by hundreds. One of the great disseminators of such incentives to artistic knowledge was Finlay of Glasgow, who was answerable in his lifetime for the particular bias given to the taste of the present generation, reaching from the Gallowgate to theuld town of Kilmarnock. Detail could not be much expected in works manufactured at so cheap a rate. But the drawings of Scaife always possessed breadth of effect and chasteness of colour, engendered by the works of Girtin, which at that time were in their zenith. How drawings of this excellence could be produced at so cheap a rate, may be a mystery to many. But the way Scaife took to produce this result was, by dividing a large sheet of Whatman's grand elephant into twelve compartments with pencil; and, having outlined in each a subject of rock, hill, or dale, according to his sketches, or his imagination, he then saturated the paper as thoroughly as a wet blanket, and laid it down on a table, and commenced with grey colour or neutral tint, until every subject was charged with its light and shade. The next process was to apply colour to suit the various designs, and then allowed the whole to dry; the consequence was, that it not only facilitated the advancement of the drawings, but gave a firmness and solidity to the manipulation. The detail was afterwards supplied by the hair pencil; and where lights were required, such as foliage, or small stones in the foreground, he touched them with water, and then rubbed the drawing (while the touches were wet) either with bread, or gave it a blow with the sleeve of his coat. The consequence was an appearance of finish, which effect he heightened by touching in shadows and portions of colour. I have been thus particular, as many of Turner's finest early drawings are conducted on the same principle."

When we recollect that Messrs. Stanfield and Roberts have successively gone through the

gate of the theatre (as it were) to the *sanc-tum sanctorum* of Academical supremacy where the Forty sit enthroned, our "apology" for dwelling on the makers of the backgrounds due to *Macbeths*, *Romeos*, *Antonys*, and other stage heroes will require no further emphasis. To pursue the subject through another passage.—

"One morning Mr. Scaife called upon us to accompany him to Covent Garden Theatre, to see some scenes Mr. Capon had painted for the tragedy of Macbeth, which John Kemble was bringing out with new scenery, dresses, and decorations. 'Capon,' said he, 'has been down in Scotland, and went to Perth, to make studies of the vicinity, Birnam Wood, the Palace of Scone, and Dunsinane Hill. He had even traced the foundation remnants of Macbeth's castle, so anxious is Kemble to have a fac-simile of the scenery. We have no time to lose, as Capon has invited a few friends to rehearse the scenes before.' We arrived at the theatre in time to see the first scene, and we found our friend Gibson among the party. In scene first there was nothing particular to remark, except it represented a flat country, with a dark thunder-and-lightning sky, not unlike the broad effects of some of Girtin's drawings, whose style at this period began to be appreciated and imitated. The next, the camp scene, near Fores, might have been painted by any one, and I have no doubt was got up by one of the assistants. The third scene, where Macbeth and Banquo make their appearance, was not a heath, as mentioned in the play, but reminded us of a composition of Zuccarelli's of the same subject, with the figures painted by Mortimer, and now familiar to every one from the beautiful engraving by Woollett. * * The next scene that called for any remarks was the entrance to the castle. Capon owned he had taken a hint from the gateways of Carisbrooke and Warwick Castles, for, generally speaking, those he had seen in the north were very bald, and even when entire could not warrant the fine description in Shakespeare, where the king is made to observe, (reading from the play)—

This castle hath a pleasant seat, the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle sense.

* * * On going down to the stage, we found Mr. Kemble in the full costume of a Highland chieftain, lecturing the witches for being too comic for the supernatural grandeur of their characters, and more fitted for the farces at Sadler's Wells, or the Surrey, than the classic dignity of the Theatre Royal of Covent Garden. The costumes he also objected to as being too much like the sign of old Mother Red Cap at Camden Town, or the frontispiece to Mother Bunch's fairy tales. He afterwards went through the ghost scene at the supper-table, and proposed at one time to leave out the spectre of Banquo entirely, as it was completely unseen by the guests, and might have a more sublime effect. Some one mentioned that Fuseli, the great painter of witches and ghosts, thought the same, and instanced a picture by Rembrandt, of the Disciples at Emmaus, who are looking in amazement at an empty chair."

To those classical lovers of Drama in the abstract, to whom the old sign-board for scenery and the horizon of curtains at the Globe and Fortune appear to be the best accompaniments of the poet's poetry, and the best supports of the actor's art, the foregoing extracts will say little,—to the artist who despises all that is theatrical, they may fail to say much,—but to the general amateur reader they may afford no unfair specimen of the gossip and the lecturing contained in Mr. Burnet's volume,—which we leave, convinced rather of its pleasantness than of its utility.

The Lives of the British Poets; or, Johnson's Lives of the British Poets, completed by William Hazlitt. 4 vols. Vol. I. Cooke.

All persons who are interested in commercial affairs—and in this nation *boutiquière* who is not?—are aware, that, every now and then, there goes on amongst mercantile people a peculiar and very important process called "taking stock." In the present book the author

follows the example of the shopkeepers, and "takes stock" of our Poets.

In one of the two title-pages the book is called 'Johnson's Lives of the Poets, completed by, &c.—but that is a most improper and inaccurate description. Johnson's Lives are intended to be reprinted in the course of the book, without omission, we are told; and if we may judge from the only one of them which is included in the present volume, even without those additions which were made under the direction of Johnson himself, when the Lives were collected and printed by themselves. But Johnson's Lives form a complete book. They need no completion. They may be annotated and overlaid by new matter, but Johnson completed his own book; he carried out his scheme, he finished his work, and the tagging to his Lives a number of others, as is done in the present book, is in no proper sense of the word a "completion" of his labours. Johnson's name is probably a good one for a publisher to conjure with, but the union or coalition thus effected exposes the later author to a perilous comparison, and his book to all the prejudices which result from inevitable differences of style, manner, and character.

The other title-page defines the book as 'The Lives of the British Poets,' which is more appropriate; and the author explains the matter still more accurately in his preface, in which he says, that his aim has been to compile "a complete biographical dictionary of our poets." He might have added, that he has adopted the chronological, instead of the alphabetical, mode of arrangement, and that the present volume comprises our poets from the earliest period down to Waller.

In "taking stock" completeness is essential. Everything a trader possesses is accounted for. So, in the present work, the author's intention is to include every "poet"—and under the designation "poet" he comprises every "writer in verse, good, bad and indifferent." The author further states that "completeness of collection" has been "a leading object" with him. This, then, is the design of his work; and there cannot be a doubt that such a book, compiled with reasonable care, would be a work of very great curiosity and value. A good deal of its interest might be historical and antiquarian rather than popular, but to all persons of research it would be extremely valuable. Whether or not the author has carried out his scheme in point of "completeness" may be doubted. We are of opinion that he can scarcely be said to have done so; and in proof of this opinion we will submit the names, with the title of a leading work, of just a few of the poets whom we think, upon his own principle, he ought to have included in his collection—and has not. Unlike Mr. Hazlitt, we adopt for our little list the alphabetical order.—

- Bastard, Thomas, 'Chrestoleros,' 1598.
- Brewer, Thomas, 'The Weeping Lady,' 1625.
- Bryce, Thomas, 'Register of Martyrs,' 1559.
- Collins, Thomas, 'The Tears of Love,' 1613.
- Colman, W., 'La Dance Macabre,' about 1633.
- Dowriche, Anne, 'The French History,' 1589.
- Drant, Thomas, 'A Medicinal Moral,' 1566.
- Elderton, William, Ballad writer, temp. Elizabeth.
- Elviden, Edmund, 'History of Pisistratus and Catanea, about 1570.
- Evans, Thomas, 'Gidipus,' 1615.
- Fenner, Dudley, 'The Song of Songs,' 1597.
- Gainsford, Thomas, 'Vision of Henry VII.,' 1610.
- Gale, Dunstan, 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' 1617.
- Gamage, William, 'Liney-wooley,' 1613.
- Gosson, Stephen, 'Speculum Humanum,' 1580.
- Hake, Edward, 'Commemoration of Queen Elizabeth,' 1575.
- Hall, John, 'The Court of Virtue,' 1565.
- Howell, Thomas, 'The Fable of Narcissus,' 1560.
- Humis, William, 'Hive Full of Honey,' 1578.
- Ketho, William, 'Tye thy Mare, Tom Boy,' temp. Eliz.
- Leighton, Sir William, 'Virtue Triumphant,' 1603.

- Lloyd, Lodowick, 'Pilgrimage of Princes,' 1573.
 Lok, Henry, 'Ecclesiastes,' 1597.
 Marbeck, John, 'History of King David,' 1579.
 Markham, John, 'The Tears of the Beloved,' 1600.
 Maxwell, James, 'Life of Prince Henry,' 1612.
 Mulcaster, Richard, 'In Mortem Elizabethae,' 1603.
 Murray, David, 'The Death of Sophonisba,' 1611.
 Newnam, John, 'Newnam's Nightcrown,' 1590.
 Overbury, Sir Thomas, 'The Wife,' 1614.
 Phœnix, Thomas, 'Translation of Virgil,' 1562.
 Rich, Barnaby, 'Dialogue between Mercury and an English Soldier,' 1574.
 Scott, Thomas, 'Four Paradoxes,' 1602.
 Thynne, Francis, 'Debate between Pride and Lowliness,' about 1580.
 Toft, Robert, 'Ariosto's Satires,' 1608.
 Whitney, Geoffrey, 'A Choice of Emblems,' 1586.
 Winter, Thomas, 'Translator of Du Bartas,' 1603.
 Yates, James, 'Castle of Courtesy,' 1582.
 Young, Bartholomew, 'Amorous Flaminet,' 1587.

This list might at any hour be doubled or quadrupled. It contains, as everybody who is at all acquainted with the matter will perceive at a glance, many of the best known poets of their day. The author of these new 'Lives of the Poets,' who seems to have come very fresh to his subject, admits that he has been quite as much astonished as any of his readers can be at the number of poets of whom he was bound to take cognizance. Perhaps, in some subsequent edition, he will think it right to withdraw or modify his assertion, that "it is not very probable that future biographers will have many new poets to add."

If we cannot concur in the author's notions of the completeness of his work, at all events we must admit the extent in point of time of his inquiries. He begins with a poet named "Amergin," who is said to have lived—and we will not take upon ourselves to deny the assertion, although it has been contradicted—"circa 1070 B.C.," about the period, we imagine, when Saul was King of Israel. And the same net, thrown into the deep sea of poetical literature, which fished up Amergin, the Ennius of British poets, brought up also—fit companions to Amergin—although two or three thousand years later in date—Einion ap Gwalchmai, Ennion ap Madawys ap Rhahawd, Dubthach Mac Lughair, and many others, whose names—not to mention their poems—are no less attractive. Some people may perhaps think that the author's researches amongst these recondite, even if pleasant, writers might have been spared. But he is clearly to be defended on the mercantile principle:—a "stock-taking" is worth nothing unless it includes everything, "good, bad and indifferent."

Again, at a "stock-taking" everything is counted, measured, or weighed, according to its nature, and full descriptive particulars are recorded in a kind of Domesday Book—which, be it remembered, was mere "stock-taking" of the kingdom. In this respect, making allowances for his prejudices, how admirable was Johnson! He tells you all that is necessary to be known of the poets about whom he writes. Of the many other authors who have been laid under contribution in the gathering together of the present volume, not one can in this respect stand comparison with him. And his Lives are alike throughout; they are all formed on one model. They truly constitute a real and effective "stock-taking"—if it be not a shame to apply any mere shopkeeper-word to a work in reference to which Johnson acted with such exemplary and honourable liberality.† In these respects of fullness and completeness, the editor of the present work might occasionally, we think, learn a little from the author, whose Lives

† The booksellers solicited him to write these Lives on his own terms. He named 200 guineas, to which the booksellers, after publication, added a third—and he received a fourth for the separate edition of the Lives. When spoken to about the insufficiency of the sum originally stipulated, he remarked,—"The fact is, not that they [the booksellers] have paid me too little, but that I have written too much."

he professes to "complete." When Mr. Dyce, Mr. Collier, Mr. Wright, or Mr. Black, or any other painstaking scholar of our day, has preceded him, we get useful and sometimes even very nearly sufficient notices—but woe betide us when the author has had no such predecessor! Left to pick up accounts from earlier writers who were not so diffuse, and without himself possessing more than the very slightest independent knowledge of his subject, the results are not very satisfactory. In mercy to him, and in respect for the reader—we forbear to prove this point by quotation.

Another property of a "stock-taking" is accuracy. A tradesman wants to know how the world is going with him,—whether he is getting richer or poorer,—whether the people about him are honest, or the contrary:—he appeals to a "stock-taking," which, if accurate, reveals the fact. We want to know something of our poets,—who they were, what they wrote. We turn to the "stock-taking" in the book before us for the information. So long as it is a copy of Johnson, of course it is as accurate as the model; but when the writer is driven to make up his "Lives," as they are termed, by altering passages of Warton, Chalmers, Ellis, Campbell, or the other recent authors we have named, the results are occasionally—we hope only occasionally—very questionable. We will on this point give an example or two. Here, at p. 110, is Bishop Bale. This article seems to be derived from Chalmers' 'Biographical Dictionary.' The bishop "was born in 1495, at Cove, a small village in Suffolk," so says Chalmers; but any topographical dictionary would have rectified his mistake: the place is called "Covehithe." On adopting the doctrines of the Reformation, Bale was exposed to persecution, and fled into Holland [?], whence he was recalled "by Edward the Fourth,"—who, it will be remembered, died in 1483, just twelve years before Bale was born. We are then told that he was nominated to the see of Ossory, "on the 15th of August 1532," by King "Edward the Sixth," who was not born until 1537, and did not succeed to the throne until 1547-8. Finally, it is stated that Bale left us, besides his 'Scriptorum Illustrium Majoris Britanniae Catalogus,' the title of which is thus paraphrased 'The Lives of the most eminent Writers of Great Britain from Japhet to 1557,' "infinite prose works in *LATIN* of all kinds." We could not have thought it possible that any practised writer could have so far forgotten himself, even in his sleep, as to have described Bale's 'Chronicle of Sir John Oldcastle,' his 'Vocabacyon,' 'The Examinations of Anne Askew,' 'The Image of both Churches,' 'The Course at the Romish Fox,' and all the rest of this popular writer's coarse but effective treatises, as written in *LATIN*. After that, we are not surprised that the glance at his poetry, which in this dictionary of poets occupies less than four lines, does not comprehend any allusion to the recent publication of his 'King Johan,' and to its remarkable peculiarities as a dramatic composition.

Turn we now to 'The Hermit of Hampole,' p. 45, the notice of whom seems derived from Warton. We are told that "he was a very popular and learned though an inelegant writer in Latin on theological subjects," which is about the very reverse of what Warton states on the authority of Leland, that his Latin compositions "displayed more erudition than eloquence." We are then informed that he wrote in English a paraphrase on the Book of Job, instead of "part of" that book,—"seven penitential psalms," instead of the specific seven Psalms known by that title, and 'The Prick of Conscience,' the Hermit's lucubrations being however said to have been deemed by Warton

"altogether so indifferent as to be unworthy even extract,"—which is so far from being the case that Warton has positively given eight whole pages—an unusual quantity—of mere extracts from these very "lucubrations." ('Hist. Eng. Poetry,' II. 91—99, edit. 1824.)

Take another example: Hugh Campden, "a poet," we are told, "in the reign of Henry the Fifth," and therefore the date of 1420 is assigned to him by the author; Warton places him under Henry the Sixth. He is said to be "known to us as the translator of several romances of great popularity in his time." He translated only one romance, that of Sidrac. "The first of these," i. e., the only one, "was printed with the following title, at the expense of Robert Saltwood [should be Saltwood]:—'The History of King Boecus and Sydrache [Sydracke]: how he confounded his learned men; also his divinities [divynite] that he learned of the book of Noe; also his answers to the questyons of wysdom [both morall and natural]; with mucche wysdom contained in the number ccclxv, &c.' " The rest is Warton verbatim; and the whole is merely Warton altered and mistaken—without any acknowledgment.

We cannot drag our readers through minute criticism of this nature. We hope the cases we have quoted are exceptional. It would be sad, indeed, if all the "Lives" were compiled in this careless fashion. If the author had but cited his authorities, the doing so would have been a check upon such carelessness on his part, and any doubt excited on ours might in that case have been instantly removed. On this point we have looked merely at some of those lives which are evidently, although without acknowledgment, derived from books we have at hand. We repeat "without acknowledgment." This is a point on which, in other circumstances, we should have had a great deal to say to the author. But this volume, we must insist upon it, is not to be regarded as a book in a literary sense. It is a mere mercantile proceeding, "a stock-taking," and is therefore not to be judged by the rules which apply to literary works in ordinary. Of course, if the author had thought he was writing a book, he would not only have avoided such mistakes as we have noted, but would have been delighted to distinguish with the greatest care between the results of his own independent and original inquiry—if there has been any such—and the labours of the men of study and research who gathered together the facts which he has used.

If we had been called upon to judge the book as a literary work, we should have found some difficulty in ascertaining to whom a publication, in every way so incomplete, would be really useful, or whom it would not more or less mislead; but as a "stock-taking"—a mere affair of the shop—we have probably said enough to indicate our opinion of its value.

The Bhilsa Topes; or, Buddhist Monuments of Central India: comprising a Brief Historical Sketch of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Buddhism. By Brev.-Major Alexander Cunningham, Smith, Elder & Co.

The memorials of Indian antiquity—palaces, tombs, and cave-temples—are, naturally, of far less popular interest than the monuments of Assyria. We do not seek along the banks of the Ganges for glimpses of Scriptural eras, or find in Elephanta or Ellora illustrations of the Book of Kings. Nineveh and Babylon, with their buried wonders, are dear to the mind, for they are relics of sacred times; but the Indian records, far as we may trace them, bring to light no times, or names, or ideas, which belong

to modern life. Our sympathies have not been touched, our faith has never been vivified, by revelations from ancient India; and the most unexpected, curious, and complete discovery is there made without fulfilling any long-indulged desire of our minds. Still, the history of mankind is a theme of universal interest,—and India, in the earlier ages, was as marvellous in its aspects and as dramatic in its revolutions as any part of the world. Many persons whose exclusive attention is given to speculations on the traces of old societies in Central America would be surprised into delight if they were to turn their inquiries to the infancy of the Hindú nation, which, like the Chinese, advanced to a certain stage in the culture of manners, in sciences and arts, and then suddenly petrified, and has ever since remained immovable.

It is true that the popularity of Indian history has been restricted very much by the method of illustration adopted. Mr. Layard, in narrating his Assyrian enterprises, gained scarcely more from his discoveries than from his way of describing them,—and our Indian explorers would much increase their chances of fame if they would add pleasant and picturesque writing to their zeal and erudition. Long treatises, in which hard names, perplexing allusions, minuteness, and repetition are added to a sapless, inanimate style, are repulsive to the general reader, who likes to see the ruin painted to his mind's eye—the solemn portals of the sepulchre—the beauty of the palace,—and to join in the excitement of research, as well as in the exultation of discovery. So long as the old plan of cataloguing and quoting facts, as we show dried specimens in an Herbarium, is adhered to, our Indian antiquaries will effectually confine their books to the *savans* of the Asiatic Society and the "deep readers" of the Oriental Club.

Their topics, indeed, have, to some extent, been popularized since the spread of a theory which identifies the origin of the Buddhist system with that of the Druidical; which derives the Celtic tongue radically from the Sanscrit, and finds in the Cromlech of Malabar a monument kindred to that which is known as Kit's Coty House, near the spot where, as pic-nic parties believe, the mysteries of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' were enacted. Major Cunningham has his own version of this theory, and defends it with zeal. He is like a priest of the Buddhists, and brings all the fruits of his learning and his labour to enrich their temple. The massive tumulus of masonry in Central India recalls to him the Northern cairn; in the circles of pillars which surround it, he sees a counterpart to the Druidical colonnade; in the worship of trees displayed in the Sánchi bas-reliefs he is reminded of the adoration of the oak in Britain. Architectural resemblances and similarities of language, as well as coincidences of belief, unite, in his opinion, the Buddhist system with the Druidical. There is much ingenuity in his reasoning, and many of his illustrations are new; but we will not at present discuss with him the large question he has raised,—and which, indeed, requires light to be thrown upon a long period still obscured by tradition. Several writers, however, have already touched upon it, so that if Major Cunningham has carried the argument beyond its former limits, he has not ventured on a new idea. In Indian history, though many antiquaries have laboured zealously, large blank spaces remain to be filled,—and as old cosmographers used to cover their ignorance by the use of invented mountains and apocryphal rivers, so theorists are ready with outlines and colours, revolutions and dynasties for any length of era which the annalist has left unoccupied. The mystical symbolism so freely used in Hindú literature,—the highly-

wrought fancies in which its philosophy is clothed,—its image of the Deity,—its picture of the world,—its epic of mankind, are all the works of poets who were half theologians and of theologians who were half poets; of sages pretending to the inspiration of priests, and of priests who were ambitious of prophesying. Besides this, the chroniclers desired to cloud the past, that they might claim for their ideal dynasty the honours of immeasurable age.

Buddhism, which once possessed the minds of half the human race, and still counts 220 millions of votaries, is historically one of the most mysterious of the Asiatic systems. Rising in the valley of the Ganges, two thousand years ago, it speedily flourished throughout India, though it is now extinct there, and it still reigns in Nepál, Tibet, Ava, Ceylon, Anam, Siam, Japan, and China; yet, filling such a space in the past and the present, nearly every great point in its annals is disputed. Many passages in classical writers as early as Herodotus, are supposed to bear reference to it, and its own records are vast, but it is still impossible to separate the mythical from the veritable story. A single teacher, a body of disciples, a band of martyrs, a race of ministering kings, nobles and priests, persecution and victory, decline and extinction,—such is the history of Buddhism in India, where innumerable monuments attest the immense dominion it once held. It was perfected, from the idea of simple abstraction of the soul from all earthly care, to that of the threefold Intelligence, Creator, and Ruler. In the early stage, the power of meditation is illustrated by a story not to be surpassed by the ripest imagination of America. There was a man practising "abstraction" on the edge of a tank, which some workmen were engaged in improving. They called on him to go out of the way, but so deep and devout was his meditation that he never noticed them heaping up the earth, and was consequently buried without knowing it! In the same extravagant spirit is the curse denounced on him who shall strike a woman, even with the leaf of a rose.

The Buddhist monuments in India consist of caves, temples, monastic retreats, structural and excavated, inscriptions on rocks and columns, and Topes or religious edifices. The last here named, though numerous, are contained in few localities. They are found in Afghanistan, near the Indus, near the Ganges, at Tirthat and Bahar, and round Bhilsa in Central India. Of the Bhilsa Topes, the largest was examined a short time ago by Major Cunningham's brother, who induced the Court of Directors to carry out the research. Lieut. Maisey was therefore employed, and Major Cunningham joined him in January, 1853. The results of their labours were valuable, and the record of their discoveries is intrinsically of uncommon interest.

The Buddhist Topes are of three kinds: the first, immense hollow mounds of masonry, dedicated to the Eternal Buddha; the second, the Funereal, erected over the ashes of his "Mortal Emanations" and most pious saints; and the third, memorials, raised on spots sanctified by some extraordinary religious event. The first are the largest, and placed in the loftiest situations:—of the third little is known.

The *Funereal Topes* were of course the most numerous, as they were built of all sizes, and of all kinds of material, according to the rank of the deceased and the means of his fraternity. At Bhojpur, the Topes occupy four distinct stages or platforms of the hill. The largest Topes, six in number, occupy the *uppermost* stage, and were, I believe, dedicated to Buddha; that is, either to the celestial Buddha, *Adináth*, or to the relics of the mortal Buddha, *Sákya*. This view is borne out by the facts that the largest Tope contained no deposit; and that the second and third sized Topes yielded crystal boxes,

one of which, shaped like a Tope, contained only a minute portion of human bone smaller than a pea! The second-rate Topes, sixteen in number, stand on the second stage. According to my view, these Topes contain the ashes of those who had reached the rank of Bodhisatwa. We discovered relics in five of these Topes, but there were no inscriptions of any historical value. The third stage of the hill is occupied by seven small Topes, all of which I suppose to have been built over the remains of the third grade of Pratyeka Buddhas. Of the eight Topes which stand on the lowest stage of the hill, one is much larger than any of those on the third stage. These Topes were, I believe, built over the ashes of the lowest grade of the Baudha community, the Srávaka Buddhas."

—They were built at a vast cost, and with infinite ceremonies. The foundation-stones were trodden down by elephants, and milk, oil, vermillion, and precious gums were used in the cement. Like the Egyptian monarchs, when they reared their Pyramids, the Buddhist Rajahs often erected these structures by means of forced, unpaid labour, and the bones of many wretches lay on the earth around them. The Topes are of various shapes, according to their age. The most ancient are hemispherical, forming simple mounds. Next, in point of antiquity, are those which are raised a few feet on cylindrical plinths. In the third order, the height of the basement is equal to that of the superstructure; and so on, until in the latest we find a tall, round tower, surmounted by a dome. The locality of Major Cunningham's researches was, at first, the small village of Sánchi,—

"situated on the low ridge of a sandstone hill, on the left bank of the Betwa, about five miles and a half to the south-west of Bhilsa, and twenty miles to the north-east of Bhopal. The hill is flat-topped and isolated, with a steep cliff to the eastward; and to the westward an easy slope, covered with jungul at the foot, and near the top broken into steps by horizontal ledges of rock. The general direction of the hill is from north to south, and its whole summit is covered with ruins. But the principal buildings that now remain occupy only the middle part of the level top, and a narrow belt leading down the hill to the westward. The summit itself has a gentle slope in the same direction with the dip of the strata; and the level of the court of the great Tope is some twelve or fifteen feet below that of the ruined vihar and temple on the eastern edge of the precipice. The hill, which is about three hundred feet in height, is formed of a light red sandstone, hard and compact in texture, but subject to split. This stone has been used for all the Topes and other buildings where mere hardness and durability were required; but for the colonnades and sculptured gateways a fine-grained white sandstone was brought from the Udayagiri hill, three miles and a half to the northward."

A general idea of one of the singular monuments may be gained from the following.—

"The great Sánchi Tope is situated on the western edge of the hill. The ground has once been carefully levelled, by cutting away the surface rock on the east, and by building up a retaining wall on the west. The court (as it now exists) averages one hundred and fifty yards in length, and is exactly one hundred yards in breadth. In the midst stands the Great Chaitya, surrounded by a massive colonnade. The bald appearance of the solid dome is relieved by the lightness and elegance of the highly picturesque gateways. On all sides are ruined temples, fallen columns, and broken sculptures; and even the Tope itself, which had withstood the destructive rancour of the fiery Sáivans and the bigoted Musalmáns, has been half-ruined by the blundering excavations of amateur antiquaries. * * * The great Tope itself is a solid dome of stone and brick, 106 feet in diameter, and 42 feet in height, springing from a plinth of 14 feet, with a projection of 5½ feet from the base of the building, and a slope of 2½ feet. The plinth or basement formed a terrace for the perambulation of worshippers of the enshrined relic; for, on the right pillar of the North Gateway there is a representation of a Tope and of two worshippers walking round it, with garlands in their hands. The

terrace was reached by a double flight of steps to the south, connected by a landing 10 feet square. The apex of the dome was flattened into a terrace 34 feet in diameter, surrounded by a stone railing of that style so peculiar to Baudha monuments, that I will venture to call it the 'Buddhist Railing.' * * * Many of the pillars of this colonnade are now lying at the base of the monument; and several portions of the coping or architrave prove that the enclosure was a circular one. * * * Within the upper enclosure there was a square altar or pedestal, surrounded by pillars of the same description, but much taller, some of which are still lying on the top of the dome. * * * The total height of the building, including the cupolas, must have been upwards of one hundred feet. The base of the Tope is surrounded by a massive colonnade, 144 feet in diameter from west to east, and 151 $\frac{1}{4}$ feet in diameter from north to south. This enclosure is therefore elliptical; the greater diameter exceeding the lesser by 7 feet. By this arrangement a free passage is obtained round the southern staircase, and a greater breadth at the foot of the ascent. The breadth of the cloister on the north-west and north-east sides averages 9 feet 7 inches, the several measurements only differing by a few inches. From east to south the cloister increases rapidly in width; the breadth at the east being only 9 feet 11 inches, and at the foot of the staircase 13 feet 8 inches."

Major Cunningham describes the whole of the Bhilsa Topes, but never attempts to unite his details into a picturesque description. We go on from column to column, from figure to figure, with exact measurements, and an accuracy of facts which leaves a strong impression of the writer's fidelity. We acquire, too, if only by degrees, a good idea of the architectural style employed; with much curious information on the manners, history, and artistic progress of the people who built these tombs. Some of the sculptures are finer than any that Major Cunningham has seen in other parts of India, and the variety of representations in bas-relief is unusually large. Not only are religious and military pageants, ceremonies, and battles depicted, with passages in the life of the Mortal Buddha, but domestic scenes of a highly interesting character. Weapons and musical instruments occur frequently, with thrones and thunderbolts, as the symbols of universal dominion,—attributes like those of the Grecian Zeus. The actual relics found consisted of caskets of white or clouded steatite, saucers of black earthenware, boxes of crystal, red-stone jars shaped like beehives, Badakhan rubies, bits of pearl, gold, sandal-wood, and bone. These were not found in all the Topes. In that of Sonári,—

"a shaft was sunk down the centre, and at a depth of little more than 5 feet a large slab was reached, on which being raised disclosed the relic-chamber strewn with fragments of stone boxes. The fragments were carefully collected and afterwards put together, but no trace of bone or of other relic was discovered. The largest of the relic-boxes is a cylinder 4 inches in height and upwards of 8 inches in breadth, covered by a domed lid of the same fine sandstone having a rise of more than 2 inches. Inside this was a smaller stone box of the same description; but only 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in total height. Inside this, again, there was a third stone box or casket only 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter, and of a different shape, being nearly spherical with a pinnacled top. Lastly, inside this there was a small crystal casket, only seven-eighths of an inch in diameter. This little casket must once have enshrined some minute portion of bone, or perhaps a single tooth of the holy Buddha; but, after the more careful search of the chamber, no trace of any relic was discovered. As the relic-chamber was near the summit of the Tope, the probability is that the villagers had opened it long before, and that when the relic-boxes were broken the minute fragment of bone was dropped into the chamber, and after the lapse of years had become mingled with its kindred dust."

The work of Major Cunningham contains much that is original, and preserves the results

of very important investigations. In the historical view of Buddhism some new speculations will be found, but the body of facts is derived from obvious sources. Evidently the design of the writer has been to be scrupulously exact, which often encumbers the narrative; but he always walks too close to his theory to range over the subject like a philosopher. We wish, too, that such works were more attractive, more pictorial,—that India might be popularized; and that the public might read of it in works by writers of such authority as Major Cunningham, instead of having to wait for the more literary, but less accurate, accounts which are given to them at second hand.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon, Esq. With Variorum Notes. Edited by an English Churchman. In six volumes. Vols. I. and II. Bohn.

THE 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' is one of the few historical works that will not be superseded. The grandeur of the theme, the enduring interest of the narrative, the author's vast learning and perfect mastery over his materials, the intuitive sagacity with which he seizes the pregnant points in his authorities, and his unrivalled felicity of expression, have secured for the History a reputation which every succeeding year confirms and extends. To annotate such a work, to point out such errors as exist in it, and to give the results of the labours of modern scholars on the various subjects comprised in the story and treatment of the Decline and Fall, require in an Editor the possession of no ordinary learning, judgment and acumen. The earliest annotated edition of the History was the Italian translation, which Gibbon himself mentions with respect; but the notes then introduced were pointed against the religious opinions of the author, and are of no importance in a literary point of view. This translation was followed by a German version, with a commentary, which is also of little value, with the exception of the portion executed by Wenck, who only lived to complete the first volume. The Notes of M. Guizot, appended to the French translation, have enjoyed more celebrity than the others; and, taken as a body of illustration, they are undoubtedly superior to the commentaries of the German translators; but they owe more to the fame of their author than to intrinsic merit. The Notes of M. Guizot were first published when he was only twenty-five years of age; and he tells us in a letter which has recently been made public, that he had taken no special interest in historical inquiries until he began to collect materials for those Notes on Gibbon. The annotated edition by Dean Milman is a decided improvement on those of his predecessors; and this is the only one we have hitherto had in the English language entitled to respect. Yet, notwithstanding undoubted merits, it is not all that could be desired for such an author as Gibbon; and there is still room for another—and yet another—annotated edition.

We now turn to the edition before us, superintended by an "English Churchman," and forming part of Mr. Bohn's new series of "English Classics." In an advertisement prefixed, Mr. Bohn says, that "this Series is printed with every possible attention to editing, reading, and the various details which belong to a perfect book." If this were certain to be the case, his series of reprints of our best English authors, at a moderate price, would be a boon to literature. It is with some interest, therefore, that we turn to the pages of this new Gibon. Almost at the first page our suspicion is excited. We

notice faults,—we pencil careless readings. Ere many pages are read we lose all confidence in the editor; and even a brief and hasty inspection convinces us that Mr. Bohn's description of the book does in no way correspond with the reality. The work is pretentious without being solid,—and the notes are tedious without being true.

We have read no more than a hundred pages of the first volume;—it is not necessary to drink a whole cask of vinegar in order to pronounce whether it is sour;—and we will state, as briefly as we can, the result of our reading. The first merit of every book—and especially of such an edition of a great historical and controversial author like Gibbon—is an accurate text. In this prime requisite we have found the "English Churchman's" edition miserably deficient. Our readers shall judge of this by a few specimens.

At p. 12 we should read "a hundred and sixty-two" instead of "a hundred and thirty-two": the former number is found in the quarto, and is necessary to make the total.

At p. 18 we have "Marcus Antonius" confounded with "Marcus Antoninus," and a beautiful piece of confusion introduced into historical chronology.

At p. 19 we notice a misspelling—"Alani," instead of "Alani."

On p. 20 we read "the one eastern," instead of "the one the eastern."

At p. 38 we read of "the ingenuous youth who resorted to Athens," instead of "the ingenuous youth,"—an error which destroys the force and perverts the sense of Gibbon's passage.

On the next page, 39, we have "the school of Athens had given laws," instead of "the schools," &c.

At p. 41 we make acquaintance with a new author, one "Tertullian," who turns out, however, to be our old friend "Tertullian" in the "Churchman's" disguise.

On p. 60 "Æacus" is changed into "Æcus." At the bottom of p. 62 we are referred to "the thirteenth volume of the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions," instead of to "the thirtieth volume." In the text of the same page we have "the majestic edifices designed to the public use" instead of "destined."

On page 65 we read of a city of "Vienna" (in Gaul!). Of course it is an error:—the true reading is "Vienne."

Three pages later (68) we are treated to an account of "the regular institutions of post" instead of the "institution of post."

On page 85 our "Churchman" makes Gibbon responsible for a curious blunder. We there read that "the tribunitian power . . . was first invented by the dictator Cæsar": Gibbon knew Roman history as well as a schoolboy—and, of course, his text is, "for the dictator."

On the following, the omission of a letter corrupts the text and the sense: we are made to read "they were *averse* to each other" instead of "adverse to each other."

At page 93 a word is omitted. We read "after a serious discussion" instead of "after a very serious discussion."

Again, at page 100, the omission of a word changes the sense entirely. We there read, under the "Churchman's" direction, "Hadrian was called the certain hope of the Empire" instead of, as in Gibbon's text, "Hadrian was called to the certain hope," &c.

It would be easy to multiply examples of such blunders; but with the above, as samples, before him, the reader will know how to estimate Mr. Bohn's assurance that the text is pure.

With respect to the commentary here vouchsafed, we are not able to give a more satisfactory

report. In the first place, we object to the arrangement; for, although the Notes very properly bear the names of their several contributors, they are mixed up with the notes of Gibbon himself, and, consequently, the reader cannot consult the author's own elucidations of his text without having his attention drawn away to irrelevant speculations. It is only right, in the case of such an author as Gibbon, to print his Notes apart from those of his commentators. In the second place, we object both to the number and to the quality of the notes. As in other *Variorum* editions, the editor seems to have considered it part of his duty to give *in extenso* all previous commentaries, whether good, bad, or indifferent, and then to expatiate at length on the errors of his predecessors. Against this system of annotation we have more than once of late entered protest. It is too bad to call away the reader from the perusal of Gibbon's text to a long and useless note by Guizot or Wenck, followed by an equally long and useless note by the "English Churchman," with a view to show that no commentary at all was needed. Such notes frequently occur; and in many cases these unnecessary notes occupy more space on the page than does the text they tend to interrupt and confuse. Moreover, such of the editor's notes as are not intended to correct the errors of his predecessors, might frequently be dispensed with. For instance, Gibbon in his brief but masterly enumeration of the provinces of the Roman world, has occasion to mention Cyrene, on which slight circumstance the present editor thinks proper to hang the following remarks,—the use of which in illustrating the text of his author we must leave the reader to discover.—

Strabo (lib. 17,) furnishes us with the names of many learned men who made Cyrene illustrious; and Plutarch (in his lives of Lucullus and Philopemus, also in his *Ad Prin. Inerud.*) informs us how the tenets of Plato, inculcated by the philosophers, influenced also the public mind of the state. From Josephus (Cont. Ap. I. 2, c. 4; Ant. Jud. I. 12, I, lib. 12, 2, lib. 14, 7, 2) we learn how Ptolemy Soter placed there numerous colony of Jews, and how his son patronized them, and promoted a general study of their sacred books. Then in the Acts of the Apostles (c. 11 and 13,) we may see how the same city produced some of the first teachers of Christianity to the Greeks at Antioch, and the founders there of the earliest regular church."

All this is foolish in its parade, and foreign to the real purpose. Any boy at Westminster, with the word "Cyrene" in hand and a library within reach, could edit Gibbon or Niebuhr in this style. Yet this is a fair sample of the new notes and illustrations with which the editor has crowded his pages. But while he thus admits much that is not wanted for a proper understanding of the text, he omits that more useful information which it was the duty of an editor undertaking such a task to possess and supply. Of the errors—so few in number when compared with the vastness of his theme—into which Gibbon has fallen, perhaps the most important of all is that involved in his elaborate account of the taxation of the Roman empire, in his seventeenth chapter. This subject—so dark heretofore—has been placed in an entirely new light by that masterly essay of Savigny, which originally appeared in the *Transactions* of the Berlin Academy, and has been recently published in his miscellaneous works. The "English Churchman," however, seems never to have heard of Savigny's researches in this interesting branch of knowledge; and of course he leaves the several erroneous statements made by Gibbon without a single correction. The editor might also have found a corner among his notes in which to mention the curious fact brought to light by the recently-discovered work of Hip-

polytus, that *Marcia*, the concubine of Commodus, was a Christian. Were such facts beneath the notice of a "Churchman"? Or is our "Churchman" one who has yet to con the horn-book of ancient learning? How shall we account for the extraordinary statement made by him at page 77, "that Plutarch was appointed prefect of Illyricum"? Is not this statement founded on a misapprehension of the meaning of a passage in *Suidas*? Moreover, is not that passage in *Suidas* justly rejected by scholars?

In another place our doughty editor attempts to correct Gibbon himself,—in spite of Niebuhr's warning, even to the ripest scholars, to beware of contradicting the great English historian; and, as a matter of course, he makes a ridiculous blunder in his daring attempt. Gibbon speaks of "the Aboras, or, as it is called by Xenophon, the Araxes." The editor says that "Xenophon did not cross this river, and that the Araxes of Xenophon is the well-known river which flows into the Caspian Sea." The reader curious in Gibbonian lore and criticism has only to turn to the passage in the *Anabasis* (lib. i., c. 4, sec. 19) to see that Xenophon did cross the Araxes, and that it was a river of Syria,—not the more celebrated river of this name which flows into the Caspian Sea.

So much from a cursory but sufficing glance at this new "Gibbon." Mr. Bohn has done good service by some of his popular reprints,—but his well-won reputation is perilled by such reproductions as the new work in our hands. If a mere glance discloses to the eye such blunders—such omissions—such redundancies—on a few pages, what may the reader not fear in a book extending to more than three thousand? We will not, however, conclude that "Gibbon" is a fair specimen of the series which it opens—*"The British Classics."*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Star-Chamber: an Historical Romance. By W. H. Harrison Ainsworth: 2 vols. (Routledge & Co.)—Alexandre Dumas is apparently the model that Mr. Ainsworth has set before his eyes,—but he falls far short of him. In Alexandre, the uncouth with which he utters the most wonderful nonsense gives it a certain currency for the moment:—he carries his characters with the ease of a dream, through adventures and incidents, which set not only probability, but the laws of nature at defiance; keeping the curiosity of the reader alive and alert to the end. Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's novels are quite as melo-dramatic and extravagant as those of Dumas, but they are not a quarter so amusing,—in fact, they are dry, and wooden, and lifeless, in spite of the superfluity of incident,—the antiquarian description of places,—the abundance of furniture and fine clothes of the choicest fashion of the time. The characters are mere marionettes, which excite not the slightest interest, even in their most imminent perils,—it is so evident that they can take no hurt,—and there is not the faintest attempt to make them works of Art. 'The Star-Chamber' is full of villainous extortions—oppressed victims—mysteries of iniquity—secret poisonings—concealed treasures—forged deeds—feuds—deadly revenges—tournaments—a beautiful heroine—figures that come on the scene at unexpected junctures, "with finely proportioned limbs, arrayed in habiliments of the most splendid material, adorned with pearls and precious stones, and richly embroidered;"—others "in Spanish cloaks of Murray velvet, lined with cloth and silver, and richly trimmed with Murray flowers, and a chain of gold, from which depended the order of the Golden Fleece." The Court of the Queen of Sheba in the old puppet-shows was nothing to the magnificence to be found here. If this novel had not first appeared in one of those cheap periodicals that have of late proved so profitable an investment for publishers, we should scarcely have bestowed space to notice 'The Star-Chamber' on its own merits:—but this new branch of literature is one of the most

powerful organs of the press,—and we enter our protest against the pernicious trash provided for the multitude who would read better things gladly. We do not desire to return to the days of the *Penny Magazine*, nor to feed the readers of cheap literature on scraps of science and the half-gnawed bones of facts,—their imagination has a right to be cultivated and gratified,—but the fiction ought to be good and wholesome, and not this gilded and vermillion-painted gingerbread. Mr. Harrison Ainsworth is popular amongst this class of readers,—and we appeal to him. The position he has acquired is one of responsibility,—and can he answer it to his conscience to use his power to no better purpose than to such an idle and worthless result as the romance of 'The Star-Chamber'?

The Theology of Table-Turning, Spirit-Rapping, and Clairvoyance in connexion with Antichrist. By the Rev. N. S. Godfrey, S.C.L. (Seeleys).—The author's opinion of table-turning is, that "under the guise of folly is being ushered in no less than the kingdom of Antichrist,"—and this opinion he has enforced in a lecture at the Hanover Square Rooms. The Bishop of London no sooner heard of the author's intention to give such a lecture, than he wrote to him expressing his "earnest hope" that he would desist, and prohibiting him from officiating in the diocese of London. The object of the present publication is to shame the Bishop, as well as to enlighten the public.

A Few Words of Advice to the Mariners of England and Enterprising Youths inclined for the Sea Service; showing the Advantages to be derived by Service in the Royal Navy. By a Seaman's Friend. (Bradbury & Evans).—A seasonable and sensible little pamphlet calculated to be of service not only at the present moment, but permanently. If it can be brought within the notice of the classes whom it addresses many of the erroneous ideas that prevail with respect to the comparative excellencies of the Naval and the Merchant service may be dissipated. The principal statements brought forward are, that, in effect, the merchant-seaman does not earn more than he might earn in the Royal Navy, whilst, in the latter service, he is far better treated, and obtains his provisions and clothing of better quality. Moreover, according to the new regulations, men can now enter as "Continuous Service Men" at an increased rate of pay, with a chance of a pension after ten years, and a certainty of one in twenty years, besides other advantages. It is desirable that these facts should be extensively made known at the present time; and we trust that these "Few Words of Advice" may be widely circulated.

A Treatise on Hannibal's Passage of the Alps, in which his Route is traced over the Little Mont Cenis. By Robert Ellis, B.D. (Parker & Son).—Most persons, unless their prejudices be engaged, are, in obscure topographical discussions, as Pope was in theological, of the opinion of the last book they read. There is great power of conviction in a map duly adorned with purple and red route-lines. However faulty the principles on which it may have been constructed, the student to whose eyes it has grown familiar can with difficulty get rid of its impression. After having been induced, therefore, to pore over the first map in the present volume, recollecting the days when we would have fought any one who denied that Hannibal followed precisely the same track as that subsequently pursued by Napoleon, we glanced with some mistrust at Mr. Ellis's elaborate argument. We soon found, however, that he had a great deal to say for himself. Starting, it is true, with a preconceived opinion in favour of the Mont Cenis, he has personally examined the ground with great care, and possesses an intimate knowledge of its natural features. To support the result thus obtained, he brings to bear a considerable amount of reading; and argues his point with effect. The narrative of Polybius, on which he chiefly relies, is certainly the most definite that antiquity has left us; but it is quite right to give due weight to the more poetically expressed testimony of Livy. The suggestion that the rock which Hannibal broke through by means of fire and vinegar was *hard snow* or *ice* is, to say the least, ingenious;—and receives support from the statement to be found in General Jomini, that in

crossing the ridge of San Zeno, the French soldiers had "to cut their way through solid ice." We recommend this elaborate and well-arranged treatise to all who feel an interest in the elucidation of this knotty point of ancient geography.

Lady Lee's Widowhood. By Edward Bruce Hamley, Capt. R.A. 2 vols. (Blackwood & Sons).—This is a pleasant book, and those who have read it in *Blackwood* will be glad to see it again at full length. The characters (with the exception of Colonel Bagot Lee) are not very complex specimens of human nature, but they are brightly coloured, and drawn with spirit. The character of Colonel Lee is of a higher class, and well worked out. The contrast between him and his swindling associate is delicately marked, and there is a certain pathos in his degradation and the final ruin that, in the natural course of things, overtakes him. The incidents are not such as to excite any anxious interest. All the perplexities lie palpably on the surface, and are only skin deep. The abduction of the child is, we think, a clumsy piece of machinery, and hampers the story, which drags somewhat at times; but it is withal a bright, healthy book, with a dash of hearty humour in it.

Outlines of Comparative Philology; with a Sketch of the Languages of Europe, arranged upon Philosophical Principles; and a Brief History of the Art of Writing. By M. Schele de Vere. (New York, Putnam & Co.).—M. de Vere's design, in the first part of his work, is to give a popular and brief account of the nature, objects, literature, history, and results of Comparative Philology. This is a pretty wide range of topics to be included in only a part of a volume; but various others are also introduced,—as *e.g.* the history of the English language and literature,—and the consequence is, that the author is compelled to treat each rather superficially. Had he confined himself to a few essential points, or touched very lightly on those of minor importance, he would have been more successful. The multiplicity of objects presented to the view of the reader confuses his vision, and, as all are equally prominent, the perspective is destroyed. Hence, he rises from the study of these Outlines without being able to recall any very distinct and well-compacted idea of what he has been reading. It is certainly no easy matter to treat such a subject as Comparative Philology in a manner at once popular and satisfactory. Yet we cannot help thinking a nearer approach to this might have been made by a better selection and arrangement of materials. The second and third parts, which treat of the languages of Europe and the history of writing, are quite distinct from the first, and may have been written at different periods, though the subjects are nearly allied. Hence, perhaps, the repetition we have observed here of what had been stated in the earlier portion of the volume. It would be unjust to deny that, notwithstanding all its blemishes, the book contains much solid information on a subject of great interest. If it strikes one as having rather a sketchy and desultory air, it is certainly pleasant and suggestive reading. The writer shows an acquaintance with the works of all good authorities, and his views are in accordance with the most recent improvements of scientific philology.

Florence the Beautiful. By Alexander Baillie Cochrane, Esq. 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett).—This is no tale of Ghiberti's gates, and Giotto's tower, of the *Casa Buonarroti* and the *Ponte della Trinità*,—or of the Church of San Miniato, or of the cypresses at Fiesole,—such as, if told in a right Italian spirit, would make those "sated of home" long and become restless to depart across the Alps. Our author knows the magic of a title; but he has used his to deceive expectation—since it merely preludes the story of a beautiful French Florence who lived for awhile, and was loved, in Touraine.—Mr. Cochrane seems to cherish a loving remembrance of that picturesque district in France, and of such romantic and fantastic haunts as Loches, Amboise and Chenoneraux. He describes them with enthusiasm, if not with eloquence—with warm affection, if not with clear colour; and is happier when he dwells on *château* and valley and river than when he deals with the love of man or the heart of woman.—His

tale is of the most sentimental quality, belonging to the days immediately preceding the French Revolution; and its heroine is gracious and fair (the daughter of a fading mother under a cloud), who is mysteriously prohibited from loving where she wills,—until, simultaneously with the breaking out of revolutionary disturbances, there also comes to light the secret of her poor mother's destiny, which ends in changing the destiny of Florence herself. When it is added that Mr. Baillie Cochrane's style is luxuriant, without any real affluence of thought, feeling or fancy being thereby expressed, and that he has strewn his poetical prose with verse somewhat less poetical,—we have told all that need be told concerning his delusive 'Florence the Beautiful.'

P. Ovidii Nasonis Fastorum Libri Sex, with English Notes. By F. A. Paley. (Whittaker & Co.).—An excellent edition, principally founded on that of Merkel, though the editor has also availed himself of Gierig's and Keightley's. There is a good supply of notes, which abound in critical, explanatory, and illustrative observations of a very superior cast. Mr. Paley has a strong opinion of the importance of Latin; and his mode of editing the classical works in that language is well calculated to promote the study of it. In his preface to this volume, he points out with much force and truth how extensive an influence ancient Rome has exerted over the customs, language, laws, and opinions of modern Europe. He also vindicates the Italian origin of many of the Roman traditions, customs, festivals, divinities, religious rites, &c. His faith in tradition is almost unbounded. In combating the common argument, that whatever public records existed were destroyed during the invasion of the Gauls; and that, as no annals were compiled till a hundred and fifty years afterwards, the writers of the Augustan age could have had no trustworthy account of the early history of Rome; he goes so far as "to affirm that the history of Rome, such as it then was, received no damage whatever from the invasion of the barbarians." And the reason he gives is simply this, that the barbarians could not banish old recollections from the minds of the Romans, nor silence their national songs, nor destroy their inscriptions, monuments, and temples. But granting him all that he maintains as to the possibility of handing down facts with accuracy for centuries, without the aid of written records, his reasoning can only be conclusive on the assumption, that at the time of the burning of Rome by the Gauls the facts of the early history were preserved in traditional accounts or other repositories independent of literature. We have been so deluged of late years with hastily prepared translations of German editions of the classics for schools, that it is gratifying to meet with a *bond fide* production of English scholarship, such as the present.

Clinton: a Book for Boys. By William Simonds. (Boston, Gould & Lincoln).—This is an American work, and is designed to illustrate the importance of early habits of obedience and industry, and the danger of evil companions. It contains some lively sketches of the logger's life in the backwoods; and although disfigured by many Yankee provincialisms, is a good book, and one that, we should say, would amuse the readers for whom it is intended. For our own taste, we prefer the old spelling-book story—now out of print—of 'Harry and Tommy'; or, 'Don't care came to a bad end.' 'Clinton' is a somewhat diluted amplification of the same moral.

Our Cruise in the Undine: the Journal of an English Pair-Oar Expedition through France, Baden, Rhenish-Bavaria, Prussia and Belgium. By the Captain, with Etchings by "One of Ourselves." (Parker & Son).—We understand what magic there is in the pleasure with which "Ourselves,"—whether their means of getting about be "a pair-oar," or a pair of Runciman's most solid boots,—love when they meet to look back to the incidents of their "pulls" or scrambles, and to call up the wayside figures who stared at the travelling Englishman or made his travel pleasant by their homely company and their local information. But to bring the public into such a council of "Ourselves" is another

matter—to make it relish our innocent perils and enter into our more innocent nicknames demands something beyond a mere taking-for-granted of the reader's lightness of heart, lightness of digestion and readiness of sympathy. There must be graces of style—which practised authors do not always command—and the power of picking out precisely such subjects and objects as make a good picture and of setting them down without apparent effort or affectation. These gifts "the Captain of the Undine" possesses in only a moderate degree.—He says that the cruise of the Undine was suggested by the voyage of the Water Lily—and his journal (possibly because it is a *second* journal of the kind) has less lively interest than the published "Log" of that adventurous little boat.

Pamphlets.—Under this head may be mentioned the remarkable speech delivered by Dr. Lyon Playfair, last October, at the People's College, Sheffield, and now published with the title of *Science in its Relations to Labour*. The object of the speaker is principally to urge the necessity of education; but not indiscriminately, much less formal education. He shows, with great force of illustration, the necessity of introducing a scientific element into all schools from the highest to the lowest.—*On the Necessity of Principles in Teaching Design*, is also an address, delivered at the opening of the session of the Department of Science and Art, by Mr. Redgrave. Like the previously noticed publication, it is calculated to diffuse elevated and correct notions among the public, and aid in giving what has so long been wanted—an artistic tone to the English mind. True refinement of manners can be attained on no other conditions.—What the author of *Napoleon the Third*, by a Man of the World, is to gain by his lucubrations, he probably knows better than we do.—*Municipal Institutions of the Cradle of English Liberty*, by Donald Nicoll, discusses questions connected with the police force.

—Mr. Washington Wilks, in *Palmerston in Three Epochs: a Comparison of Facts with Opinions*, endeavours to prove that our Home Secretary is not so witty and clever as people imagine.—*The Handbook of the Eastern Question*, by L. F. Simpson, is a carefully arranged statement of the events which have led to the war, and may be consulted with advantage by all who feel curiosity on the subject. *The Law of War affecting Commerce and Shipping* will, also, be found interesting at the present moment.—Mr. Neison, Secretary to the Statistical Society, has drawn up an *Analytical View of Railway Accidents*.—Here we have another champion of diabolical works, who publishes a letter to the Rev. Francis Close, entitled *Satanic Agency and Table Turning*,—and Mr. Robert Owen puts forward his lucubrations, entitled *The Future of the Human Race; or, a Great, Glorious, and Peaceful Revolution, near at hand, to be effected through the Agency of Departed Spirits of Good and Superior Men and Women*. It appears that Mr. Owen has held communication with the spirit of H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, and other celebrated personages, who, indeed, have written letters to him from the other world!—We can only mention the following somewhat miscellaneous collection:—*Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen on the New War Shell*, by J. A. Smith.—*Woman and her Wishes*, by T. W. Higginson.—*Justification by Faith alone*, by Dr. J. Mackay.—*Library of Biblical Literature*, Nos. I. and II., containing a compendious Account of Ancient Nineveh and of Hebrew Life in Egypt.—*An Examination of the Law of Church Rates*, by Watkin Williams.—Mr. William White discusses quaintly the question—*Is Symbolism suited to the Spirit of the Age?* deciding in the affirmative.—Under the title *As to a Mediator in the Matter of Strikes and Lock-outs; and a Medium for arranging and adjusting Present and Future Differences*, Mr. J. Luke Hansard publishes his opinions on a very important question, which we are afraid, cannot be so easily settled as he imagines.

To these brief announcements of new works we will add, Mr. Hockins's *How to Obtain Positive and Negative Pictures on Collodionized Glass and Copy the Letter upon Paper*, being a short lesson for the tyro in Photography.—*Popular Information respecting the Receipt Stamp*, by a Barrister, adapted

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by its clearness and conciseness for the use of tradesmen and the general public of buyers and sellers,—*The Wise Judgment*, by Gabriel Tinto, a chapter on the history of the recent Art-competition in Manchester, strongly condemning the choice made by the committee of reference and severely criticizing the reasons assigned for the selection,—*An Appeal to the Legislature from the Judicature on the Questions of Law disposed of before the Supreme Judicial Tribunal in the Cause of Egerton versus Brownlow and others*, by a Bencher of the Middle Temple, contains matter too abstract for popular comment or exposition,—Mr. John Rochfort's illustrations in line and letter of *The Adventures of a Surveyor in New Zealand and the Australian Gold Diggings*,—an essay *Of the Plurality of Worlds*, by one who denies the common assumption that the stars and planets are peopled like our own with intelligent beings,—Mr. T. W. Rathbone's *Preface to the Second Edition of the Report and Evidence of the Committee of the House of Commons on Decimal Coinage*,—Mr. Charles Buxton's *Survey of the System of National Education in Ireland*,—a series of rules and regulations for *The Cheltenham Great Exhibition of Horticulture*, together with illustrations of the arts and sciences connected therewith and designs taken therefrom, the opening of which is announced for the 1st of June, 1854,—and two pamphlets on the National Gallery—*A Letter to Lord John Russell on the Formation of a New National Gallery and the Preservation of Works of Art*, by an Old Traveller,—Mr. W. J. H. Rodd's *Remarks on the Pictures in the National Gallery* which have recently been cleaned, together with some observations relative to the art of cleaning and restoring oil paintings.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Agnes Valmar, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.
Baldwin and Thomas's *Gazetteer of United States*, 8vo. 21s. bd.
Balfour's *Book of the War against Epidemic Cholera*, 8vo. 16s. 6d. cl.
Bank's (Rev. J.) *Nure, Solace of Bare Leisure*, fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Beest's (Mrs.) *Lost Child, and other Stories*, sq. 2s. 6d. cl.
Carpenter's (W. B.) *Mechanical Philosophy*, new edit. post 8vo. 6s. cl.
Cassell's *German Pronouncing Dictionary*, Part 1, 8vo. 6s. cl.
Gentleman's (Dr.) *Handbook of British Birds*, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Gillmer's (Dr.) *Memoria*, cheap edit. Vol. 1, 8vo. 6s. cl.
Child (Dr.) *On Indigitation*, 2nd edit. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Daughter of the South, by Clara Walley, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.
De Canavesi *Lusitania*, trade by Lieut.-Col. Mitchell, post 8vo. 10s.
Dibon's, (Vol. 2, 4to. 8s. cl. of) *Geological Modelling in Leathes*, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
German's (Rev. G. M.) *Episocope of Anti-Nicene Church*, 2d. ed.
Gurney's (Rev. J. H.) *Grand Romish Falacy*, fc. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Hamilton's *Pianoforte Preceptor*, folio, 4s. 6d. cl.
Hengstenberg's *Chronology of Old Testament*, trans. Vol. 1, 16s. 6d.
Herrmann's *Library of Ecclesiastical Antiquities*, 8vo. 12s. cl.
Hooper's *Himalayan Journals, Maps, and Illust.* 2 vols. 8vo. 36s. cl.
Household Words, conducted by Charles Dickens, Vol. 8, 5s. 6d. cl.
Leila Ada, *Select Extracts from Diary of, fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.*
Letters about *Misnusae*, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Letters about *Mississippi*, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Mata Bell and Villiers Chisholm, in 1 vol. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Merriman's (Ven. Arch.) *Kafir, Hototzen, &c.*, new edit. 3s. 6d. cl.
Offering from St. Nicholas, fc. 8vo. 3s. cl.
Pearson's (Rev. T.) *Infidelity, its Aspects, &c.* cheap edit. 1s. 6d. cl.
Plain Commentary on *Four Gospels*, Vol. 2, "St. Mark," 4s. 6d. cl.
Price's *Life and Labours of an English Ammanite*, 8vo. 12s. cl.
Punshon's (W. M.) *Sermon*, "The Gospel," 4d. 6d. cl.
Read's (C. J.) *Parochial Psalmist*, royal 8vo. 5s. cl. s.w.
Saul's Tutor and Scholar's Assistant, rev. by Maynard, new ed. 2s. cl.
Simson's *Plea for Religion and Sacred Writings*, new edit. 2s. cl.
Simpson's *W. W. Year with the Devil*, post 8vo. 8s. cl.
Sister for a Name, by Augustus May, 18mo. 2s. cl.
Virgil, *Delphin*, new edition, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Wagner's (Rev. G.) *Children's Wishes*, 18mo. 2s. cl.
Whithead's (E. J.) *Returns and Last Meeting*, fc. 8vo. 3s. cl.
Whithead's (Rev. R.) *Warrant of Faith*, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.
Wellington & Napier, Supp. to *Napier's Indian Misgovernments*, 2s.

THE FAUSSETT COLLECTION.

THE Trustees of the British Museum seem determined to persevere in the unpatriotic feeling which has so long distinguished their course of management. "We collect," as has been remarked, "the antiquities of all nations save our own." A few years ago, the Trustees were driven, by the decided expression of the popular voice, and the agitation of the subject in Parliament, to make a show of departing from this strange course. They set apart a few empty cases for the reception of British Antiquities. But those cases have remained all but empty up to the present time. For several years they have been the wonder and the shame of the hundreds of thousands of visitors who have inspected them. In vain have these looked in them for the means of comparing the arts, the manufactures, and other indications of the condition of our forefathers, with the abundant similar remains which we possess of the people of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome, India,—in fact, of almost all the nations of the earth. The Trustees, when compelled, set apart the cases,

They were obliged to yield so far. But, acting in consistency with the ungracious spirit which has been too frequently their distinction as a public body, they went no further. The horse may be brought to the water, but nobody can compel him to drink. The Trustees yielded so far as to set apart the cases; but they did not consent to make endeavours to fill them, and they have never done so. There they stand, "a beggarly account of empty boxes." People pass through the room which contains them with a shrug and a blush. Many think of the Hôtel Soubise. Every one hurries on, especially if he chances to catch sight of a foreigner, lest he should be stopped with an inquiry, whether this is really the national collection of British Antiquities?

A few months ago, an opportunity occurred for remedying this glaring and discreditable deficiency. A collection formed by the Rev. Bryan Faussett about eighty or ninety years ago came into the market on the death of the Rev. Godfrey Faussett. This collection is the result of the opening and examination of somewhere about eight hundred graves in Kent,—and, with trifling exceptions, comprises specimens—and some of them very beautiful—of every known article ever found in Anglo-Saxon graves. The weapons and the personal ornaments of our simple ancestors are here presented to us in a condition of the most unquestionable genuineness. Nothing was picked up in Wardour Street. A register was kept of every antiquarian operation,—the articles found were all numbered with reference to the register,—and there they remain, with the numbers attached and the register to refer to, in a state which defies scepticism and which is in every way most satisfactory to the inquirer. One excellent book—Douglas's *'Nenia'*—was made up years ago from these very articles, and if they were open to scientific examination one cannot doubt—such is the extraordinary completeness of the collection—that there are few questions relating to the *status*, the arts, or the civilization of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers that would not receive from them elucidation. This collection was valued by a competent person at 683*£*, but it was offered to the Trustees of the British Museum at whatever might be thought its real value. They hesitated. The "things," to use the language attributed to one of the Trustees, were not classical,—they were not High Art,—they were not Assyrian,—they were not Egyptian:—they were merely Anglo-Saxon. It mattered not that they constituted the most perfect and genuine collection of such antiquities ever formed. They related to a matter in reference to which the Trustees had done what they had been required to do,—they had set apart their empty cases. They refused to purchase, alleging that they had no funds:—which many well-informed persons affirm to have been a mistake, if nothing more.

This answer roused the feeling of the antiquarian world. As our readers already are informed, representations were addressed to the Trustees by various Societies and public bodies, and, amongst them, one of the strongest character, as we are told, was sent in by the Council of the Society of Antiquaries. Moreover, a gentleman (Mr. Wylie) who possessed a small but valuable collection of a cognate character, formed from excavations at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, offered to add gratuitously his collection, if the Trustees would only secure that formed by Mr. Faussett. This looked well for the empty shelves. The Trustees met again. What followed? We are told—but it seems incredible—that they never so much as acknowledged the memorials and the offer addressed to them. They reiterated their refusal to have anything to do with the Faussett Collection. They adhered to their determination to keep their cases for British Antiquities empty.

In the mean time, various persons desirous to become purchasers have entered the field. Several dealers are ready to buy the collection in order to sell it piecemeal. A nobleman, well known for his love of antiquities, is prepared to avert any such catastrophe by purchasing the collection at the price mentioned. A gentleman of Liverpool is anxious to take it thither. Foreigners are on the look out for it. The Trustees know all this,

but nothing can move them. They have done what they intend to do for British Antiquities. They have set apart various empty cases.

But the Antiquaries do not intend to be foiled. They are now sending memorials to the Lords of the Treasury. One such is gone from the Society of Antiquaries; another from the Archaeological Institute. Others will, no doubt, follow. The strongest feeling is excited. Parliament will be appealed to; and we shall see whether it be not possible to overcome what appears to be the unpatriotic obstinacy of a public body.

SCIENCE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

It may interest some of the readers of the *Athenæum* to know, that, among other things, a most valuable course of Geological demonstrations is being delivered in the University of Oxford by the lately appointed Professor, Mr. Phillips. On the eve of many changes, it is to be hoped, in the Universities, it is gratifying to find that Physical Science in one of its most practical and attractive shapes has brought together, in the present term, so large a class. As the writer is unknown to either Mr. Phillips or Dr. Buckland, the unsought testimony perhaps of a simple visitor or academic commoner may be of more interest to the public than any more formal notice. Arrangements are also being made for a new Museum at Oxford, in which it is to be hoped that the present scattered collections will find shelter, and Oxford once more take its place as the chief of our Universities. The Museum is to contain, perhaps, the stray waifs from the singularly curious Ashmole Museum,—duplicates, if not entire collections, now among the moles and bats in the older colleges,—some valuable anatomical collections at Christchurch,—hundreds of pictures of most remarkable interest, some of these gifts of Charles the First, now falling from their frames,—golden croziers, coins and medals of the rarest and most exquisite beauty now scattered about for want of a public museum,—pictures and portraits from the "Bodleian," portraits of eminent men like those in the British Museum, but now lost for want of light,—and last, not least, a collection, also huddled away for want of room, perhaps the most interesting in the University or even in England—being to Geology something like what Hunter's Museum is to Physiology—namely, the collection made by the untiring energy of Dr. Buckland, now hid in darkness, though it is in every way, especially in fossils and stratified rocks, creditable to his zeal and useful to the history of geology in England.

In a University, which of late we have seen illustrated by the philosophy of Art as displayed in the writings of Ruskin, Mr. Phillips has used a sound discretion in going at once, in his present lectures, to the philosophy of that other vast field of research—the field of Nature, exhibited to us in his particular subject. His course is strictly on the "*philosophy of Geology*":—the general data, furnished by chemical, mechanical and astronomical science, as to the mass of the earth,—observed phenomena in the construction of the external parts of the earth,—displacements of land and sea proved as facts, the agencies traced, the causes considered and compared with known disturbing causes now operating in Nature,—form of the surface of the earth as depending on the disturbances referred to, and the subsequent action of the sea, rivers, atmosphere, &c.—temperature of the surface of the earth considered with respect to its permanence or variability under known conditions, and its influences on the forms and distribution of life,—temperature of the interior of the earth as it has effected disturbances of the crust;—bringing all these views as much as possible to bear on our everyday walks and studies of geology by the roadside, with no geological Cimabue or Giotto to worship, Mr. Phillips has confined himself very much to facts. Werner, with the rival schools of Plutonists and Neptunists, he showed to have many faults, and at best only saw corners of Nature. As he showed, it was the improvement of after time which helped to bring the science out of past darkness and errors into the almost "marvellous light" of the present. In the hands of

Mr. Phillips the ripple markings on rocks corroborate past history with all the vividness of Layard's inscriptions. In explaining some delicate and beautifully ingenious mathematical problems as to the mass of the earth, with a density of 5.5, as obtained among other things from calculations as to the "precession of the equinoxes," Mr. Phillips took occasion to pass a high eulogium on some views recently originated at one of the Universities of Ireland, in its college at Cork,—from which it would also appear that the density of strata must only increase down to a certain depth, after which, according to calculation, the middle of the earth is fluid, and probably gaseous:—the evidences, in the next place, of primitive and secondary rocks—or stratified and unstratified—required almost no demonstration.

Mr. Phillips explained the different epochs or ages of revolutions of our planet after its first and earliest formation;—for this purpose the crawling of a worm across a sandstone was shown to be an historical event, a deposit of broken shells offered a field of inquiry, where the observer may still find the beating surge of a lone pre-Adamic ocean. The ripple marks of this old sea, the crawling of a worm or other animal across the slime, being to the mind a philosophy such as our poets in vain have striven to imagine. Several of those fossil marks on rocks are preserved in the Museum, and form interesting subjects of study for the Heads of Houses, Fellows, &c. who attend the lectures, and who begin to understand the great loss this University sustained by the withdrawal of Dr. Buckland.

Though startling to popular notions of the formation of the world, Mr. Phillips and other geologists, like Galileo, see reason now to break through older prejudices. Worms, ripples, and broken shells bespeak a shallow ocean. By those ripples no foot of man or of animal adapted to the present history of the world can ever be traced. Myriads of years possibly after the earth was adapted to man by numberless contortions of strata, by preparations for rivers, fields, and skies,—when the thick darkness, mud, and chaos were all rolled away,—when those huge gigantic crawling creatures to which our present animals are the veriest mites—the Megatherium and the Mastodon—had performed their work, Man and a nobler creation make their appearance. Mr. Phillips dwelt with great interest on the stratification of the older and recent rocks and beds of gravel at the Isle of Wight, and on the rocks under the London basin.

Mr. Phillips in his third lecture explained the displacements of land and sea, and the boundaries of different epochs, as shown by these ripple marks. Referring in detail to his own labours, he showed the dip of the Mendip Hills, and pointed out successively red sandstone, limestone, shales, &c. He next displayed, so to speak, the anatomy of the Malvern Hills—showed what were Silurian, anticinal, and from above downwards. In the London chalk district he explained what was the chalk, lias, permian, and coal,—laying much stress on the fact, that the lower stratified rocks are infinitely more in amount than the upper,—the latter being apparently more worn by the sea; and where they arch over, the crown of the arch, so to speak, seems worn away. Next to the Primitive or Unstratified, he then divided these newer rocks into the old familiar ages of paleozoic, mesozoic, &c., describing each in detail.

Other courses of lectures in the Universities during the present term have also taken a more practical and useful shape than in former years. The new statutes recently introduced a foreshadowing of the measure of University Reform now before Parliament, together with the growing feeling to reciprocate the good sense introduced into the University of Cambridge and its curriculum by the Prince Chancellor; all more or less working a revolution in men's minds and bringing our later science more into conformity with the requirements of the time. A paper this week, for instance, on the decimal coinage movement, where before we could not get beyond Champollion or Greek plays, is a sign to be noticed. Thucydides, Herodotus,

Polybius, and the other good old classics, of course have it all their own way in some examinations; but in the second examination after the "little go," one finds now for common degree an acquaintance with the principles of chemistry, mechanical philosophy, and physiology named, more especially for honours,—a change which few expected to find in Oxford, but one of a most valuable and practical character. To many persons this seems the secret of the lecture-room, where Dr. Buckland lectured to empty benches, now being crammed to overflowing to hear Mr. Phillips,—an encouragement to Lord Palmerston and to the Government to continue the good work yet but imperfectly commenced.

C. K.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Great Measure of Reform—as it is called by friends and by foes—contains something of interest to nearly every class and every profession—not even omitting that of Literature. True, the care of this particular interest is not all we could have wished to see displayed by Ministers. We are not to have—as was so fondly hoped—an Educational Franchise—an intellectual test of the power, honesty and knowledge of the voter. The University of London is to have a member representing its rights and personifying its dignity in Parliament. The Inns of Court are to send two members to the reformed House of Commons—which may also be considered in the light of a concession to intelligence. Graduates of Universities, again, are to enjoy the franchise in virtue of their collegiate position as apart from personal, residential or other qualifications. Here are some few points of interest gained, no doubt, if we consider the question in the broadest view—that of mental power struggling for equality with money power. The policy of each particular feature of the measure may be open to dispute. For instance, the creation of special representatives for the Universities and for the Inns of Court is of very doubtful wisdom. It is class representation and leads to class legislation. The true principle, as we think, would be to diffuse the intellectual electors through the entire mass of the several town and county constituencies, so that the leaven might spread and impregnate the lump. To gather it together into one spot—or into several spots—is as unwise as it is wasteful. So, again, that part of the new Bill which offers the franchise to graduates of Universities is probably superfluous. Few graduates of Universities are excluded from a ten-pound rental—or a forty-shilling freehold—list of electors. We accept these provisions, however, as concessions to the growing power of popular intelligence—if as nothing more. When Parliament shall have sanctioned the principle here involved—the principle that intelligence, as this is assumed in the fact of graduation at any recognized University, constitutes an electoral claim—it will be more than ever difficult to resist the logic of those who advocate the pure and simple theory of intellectual rights. If a graduate of the University of London is to have his own especial representative in Parliament—and to carry with him a personal right of suffrage into any constituency he may choose to honour with his patronage, what reason can be shown why the same personal privilege should not be extended to Fellows of the Royal Society, Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries and other learned bodies? Fellowship in a great learned Society is a higher rank than a graduation in a University. It involves larger knowledge—riper years—more settled habits—a confirmed position in the world of intelligence. It, therefore, constitutes a stronger right. But our argument goes much further than the learned Societies; these are rich, powerful, influential bodies—able to do battle in their own behalf. We ask, as we have often done before, a calm consideration of the case of those who have no Councils to make known their wishes—the scholars of the national and village schools. These men want the suffrage and deserve it. If Government proposed an Educational Test, they would meet the test and win the prize—first giving the pledges of their merit—their patience, industry and capability. As the scheme now stands, these meritorious persons seem ill used. Nearly every merit,

saves theirs, is recognized:—permanence of dwelling, care in saving money, and so forth. Intelligence alone is out of court. Surely this is most unwise. We shall yet hope to see the author of this bill—who is also chief promoter of the scheme for National Education—reconsider this part of his project.

Dr. Max Müller, who has discharged the duties of Deputy-Professor of Modern European Languages and Literature at Oxford, has been appointed to the full honours of the Professorship, in the room of Prof. Tritsch.

It is understood that Silvio Pellico has left behind him a great number of manuscripts. These are in course of preparation for the press. A brother of the deceased poet is said to have been constituted his literary executor. Among the works left in MS. is an autobiographical memoir, entitled—"My Life before and after my Imprisonment."

For the benefit of such readers as delight in pictures and panoramas—whether these be illustrated by comic sketches or practical lessons—we may mention that Mr. Woodin has re-opened his "Carpet Bag" in Regent Street,—and that the Gallery of Illustration, in the same street, has added to its other attractions a view of Sebastopol.—Mr. Woodin's impersonations are clever, spirited and individual in character and bearing. Perhaps, however, the entertainment would be better for a little excision. It is too long, even with the aid of pictorial and vocal accompaniments. The view of Sebastopol is not so easy to describe,—as, even with a lorgnette, we were unable to catch the lines of those terrible fortifications of which Russo-German newspapers have said so much. A mass of white paint, seen through a quantity of rigging, is the only indication we obtain of the formidable fortress. We have, however, if it be any compensation, a large sheet of water, a clear sky, and a large assemblage of vessels. That Sebastopol presents some such appearance to the eye of a man looking towards it on a fine day from a passing vessel on the Black Sea is just possible.—A bright morning tempted us to revisit Mr. Burford's picture of Constantinople and the Bosphorus. We can repeat the praises which we bestowed on this Panorama from a first glance. It is a fine picture,—one deserving to be studied for its effects of pose and colour, as well as for its present interest in connexion with events. As we gaze and dream of that gorgeous scene, the mystery of the Eastern Question clears away. Who that has felt the north wind in his marrow would not yearn for those bright shores, that purple sky, those vine and orange bearing slopes?—We may add here, that Madame Tussaud, ever anxious to please the public with the latest illustrations of its latest whim, has added some new figures to the Baker Street Collection—of course including illustrations of the War in the East,—and also, that a new Exhibition has been opened in the Lowther Gallery, with a family of Esquimaux, their implements, utensils and so forth, and an explanatory lecture by Mr. L. Buckingham.

We have to announce the death at the Cape of Good Hope of Sir Henry M. Elliot, the Orientalist. In 1846, Sir Henry published the first volume of his work entitled 'Glossary of Indian Terms, extending from the Letters A to J,' and, in 1849 appeared the first volume of his 'Index to the Mahomedan Historians of India,' intended to have been extended to four volumes. Both are works of great ability and research; both have, unhappily, been left incomplete. He died in the forty-fifth year of his age and twenty-ninth of his service, when a long life of honour and of usefulness might still have been considered as before him. His loss will be felt by Government and by the East India Company not less than by Oriental scholars.

Mr. David Vedder—a poetical writer and contributor to periodicals—died, on the 11th inst., at Newington, near Edinburgh. He had published a variety of poetical pieces:—his first venture was 'The Covenanter's Commission,' and he afterwards published a volume of 'Poems, Legendary, Lyrical and Descriptive.' He was in his sixty-fourth year.

The Council of the Photographic Society, hoping to draw the attention of artizans to the value of Photography in many of its applications, have

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resolved on throwing open the Exhibition of photographic pictures, at the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, during the last fortnight in February, in the evenings, at the charge of three-pence each person. This is an important experiment; and we have no doubt that when the fact is sufficiently known, numbers will avail themselves of it. Those who are engaged during the day would be much benefited if other bodies having Exhibitions of Art would adopt some such liberal proceeding as this of the Photographic Society.

A learned society is in course of formation to be called the Palestine Archaeological Association. The object is, to promote the study of antiquities in the intermediate districts between Egypt on the one side and Assyria on the other. "If Egypt and Assyria," says the prospectus of the Society, "have afforded so many valuable monuments to the truth of history and tradition, it may reasonably be expected that Palestine would yield as rich a harvest. Why should not the sites of the ancient cities and towns of the Hebrews, and of the aboriginal inhabitants of Canaan, be explored? And why might not the localities of important monuments—especially of the Hebrews—be sought for, under the guidance of Scriptural authority and of tradition;—as, for instance, the Egyptian coffins of the Patriarchs at Hebron and Sichem—the twelve stones set up by Joshua at Gilgal and in the Jordan—the monumental record of the Law in the Stone of Sichem—the Sacred Ark, supposed to have been concealed by the prophet Jeremiah in some recess—with many others, which will suggest themselves to the Biblical reader? The discovery, if not also the recovery, of these precious relics of Hebrew antiquity, might be accompanied or followed by the acquisition of various objects of historical importance,—as coins, vessels, implements, sculpture, inscriptions, manuscripts, and other documents, all illustrative of the most interesting periods of remotest antiquity; and that in the Holy Land, the land of the Bible, such a treasure of archaeological knowledge would possess a high degree of importance, as corroborative of the Sacred Writings, and would doubtless be so esteemed, as well by the learned, as by the religious world."

The idea of the Palestine Archaeological Association seems to have arisen in the body of the Syro-Egyptian Society,—with which Society it would appear to have the most friendly relations. We would not damp the ardour of the more zealous and hopeful, but we must confess to some misgiving as to the success of such an association. The objects are a little vague,—and the means suggested for achieving them appear to us as scarcely adequate to the occasion.

The existence of the metal aluminium, the base of alumina, or pure clay, has been long known. M. Wöhler obtained aluminium in the state of powder, by treating the chloride of aluminium with potassium. M. H. Sainte-Claire Deville, of the Normal School of Paris, has been conducted by a careful study of this body to the discovery of a process comparatively simple, by which this metal may be obtained. If we take a mass composed of the chloride of aluminium and some metal, and heat it in a porcelain crucible to bright redness, the chloride is decomposed, and there remains a saline mass, in the middle of which we find globules of perfectly pure aluminium. This metal is as white as silver, and in the highest degree malleable and ductile. It is completely unalterable in either dry or moist air,—retaining its brilliancy under conditions in which zinc and tin tarnish. It is quite unaffected by sulphuretted hydrogen gas; cold water has no action on it; and it remains unvarnished in boiling water. Several of the acids only attack it with difficulty,—but it is readily dissolved in hydro-chloric acid, forming a sesqui-chloride of aluminium. The specific gravity of this metal is 2.56: therefore, it is not heavier than glass. This metal existing most abundantly in nature,—every argillaceous compound containing it—and possessing the above remarkable properties, must become of value in the arts.

Among notes of progress which may have their use in other quarters, we read with satisfaction the fact that the question of a Free Library has been brought before a Scottish town for the first time.

The principle inaugurated at Manchester is no doubt destined to make a tour of these islands. Its earliest descent on Scotland is at Aberdeen, where the burgesses have given it such a welcome as may well induce it to try its fortune in other of the northern cities. Here, however, as at Birmingham, the shortcomings of Mr. Ewart's Act are felt to be powerful obstacles to success. A Correspondent, writing from Aberdeen, says:—"There are such defects in the Act of last session purporting to extend to Scotland (and Ireland) the benefits of Mr. Ewart's Library Act of 1850 as to make it quite inoperative; there being no machinery whatever provided for imposing and levying the assessment. The Lord Advocate has promised to take up the subject, with the view of bringing in a really well-considered and practicable measure."—We are pleased to find that Scotland is disposed to take this question up in the proper spirit,—and we shall hope ere long to hear that Mr. Ewart is prepared to bring in a Bill to amend the provisions of his former Act. Trying a new experiment, it was natural to expect defects in the first measure; a large additional experience has now been gathered—new wants have arisen, new wishes have been expressed—and the means for testing opinions and for forming a complete machinery in connexion with the issue and return of books to the library are now ample.

A Circular issued from the Council Office at Whitehall, under the direction of the Committee of Council on Education shews what purposes the training schools established in various parts of the country may be made to serve. The intimation conveyed in the circular with regard to decimal coinage will be satisfactory to the friends of that important reform. It runs as follows:—

"Whitehall, Jan. 31, 1854.

"Rev. Sir,—I am directed by the Lord President to bring under your notice the fact, that there is a very strong feeling in the country that we should adopt a system of decimals in our coinage, and in our weights and measures. The strongest objection urged against this change is, that it would create misapprehension and distrust in the minds of the people. The Lord President thinks that you might with advantage call the attention of the principals of training schools to the importance of thoroughly imbuing the students under their charge with such a practical knowledge of decimals as will enable them to disseminate the information needed to accompany such a change. The Lord President thinks that this may be done by a special notice in your Report for the year 1853-4, by personal communication in the course of your next circuit of inspection, and by introducing a few questions that bear upon the subject in the examination papers to be proposed in December, 1854.—I have the honour to be, Rev. Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) R. R. W. LINGEN,
Her Majesty's Inspector of Training Schools."

It is not easy for a provincial town to become distinguished above all its rivals for more than a single excellence:—but Portsmouth can now boast a double glory. Hitherto, when native or stranger paused on the crowning merits of our provincial towns, he thought of the Liverpool docks, the Manchester factories, the Oxford edifices, the Plymouth Breakwater, the Portsmouth fortifications. These last were the unique attribute of Portsmouth:—it has now gained another. It is the only town in England which, when fairly polled on the question, has resolved *not* to create a free public library for all classes! No one ever expects to find the general level of morality and intelligence in a garrison town higher than elsewhere. But it will seem strange that there should be found a single town in England,—or even in the British empire, among the kraals of the Cape, the snows of Canada, or the tents of the gold-finders of Australia,—in which a humanizing proposition like that referred to could be rejected by a majority of more than eight to one. On the recent voting lists, 139 burgesses stood in favour of the free library,—1,099 against it. What explanation of such a result may be given by those on the spot, we cannot say; but the numbers seem to us very far from representing the entire body of Portsmouth burgesses. If this be the case,—if the more truly liberal burgesses have suffered a defeat through inattention, we trust for their own credit and that of their town, not only to hear the fact stated and explained, but to see such an impulse given to the question of the free library as will compel another appeal to the constituent body.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s; Catalogue, 6d.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

COLOSSEUM, Regent's Park.—Admission, 1s.—The original PANORAMA of LONDON BY DAY is exhibited Daily from half-past Ten till half-past Four. The extraordinary PANORAMA of LONDON BY NIGHT, every Evening, Saturday excepted, from Seven till Ten. Music from Two till half-past Four, and during the evening several favourite Songs by Miss Schwieso.

GYCOLAMA, Albany Street.—LISBON AND EARTHQUAKE.—This celebrated and unique Moving Panorama representing the destruction of Lisbon and Earthquake, 1851, is exhibited daily at Three; Evening, Saturday excepted, at Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1s; Children and Schools, half-price.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.—SEBASTIANI'S CONSTANTINOPLE and ST. PETERSBURG: THE NORTH AND SOUTH PASSENGERS (from a drawing by Captain Ingoldsby, R.N.), and the DIORAMA of the OCEAN MAIL are exhibited daily at 3 and 8 o'clock.—Admission to the whole, 1s; Stalls, 2s; Reserved Seats, 3s; Children, Half-price.

M. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, including the BERNE OBERLAND and the SIMPSON, every Evening at Eight o'clock (except Saturday), and Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings at Two.—Stalls, 2s (which can be taken at the Box-Office every day, from Eleven to Four); Areas, 1s; Gallery, 1s.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

EGYPTIAN HALL—CONSTANTINOPLE is NOW OPEN every Day at half-past 3 o'clock, and every Evening at 8. The Lecture is delivered by Mr. CHARLES LENNEY, and has been written by Mr. ALBERT SMITH and Mr. SHIRLEY BROOKS.—Admission, One Shilling; Reserved Seats, Two Shillings.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—THE EXHIBITION of PHOTOGRAPHS and DAGUERREOTYPES is NOW OPEN, at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, from 10 a.m. to half-past 4 p.m., admission One Shilling; Reserved Seats, Sixpence.

JAPANESE EXHIBITION.—The first direct importation from Japan is NOW OPEN for exhibition at the Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 5a, Pall Mall East, until March 13, as the Society requires the gallery for their Paintings.—Admission, 1s.

THE EQUINOXA FAMILY, from the Polar Regions, having had the honour of appearing by Royal Command before Her Majesty, at Windsor Castle, WILL BE EXHIBITED every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at the LOWTHER ACADEME EXHIBITION ROOMS, Albany Street, Strand, in their Native Costume, with their Huts, Canoe, &c. The Illustrative Lecture will be delivered by Mr. LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM.—Admission, 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; Children, Half-price.

KING WILLIAM STREET ROOMS, 24 and 25, King William-Place, Gower Street, are now OPEN for the ILLUSTRATED DIORAMIC LECTURES, 1.—'VOICES FROM THE TOMBS OF EGYPT,' every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.—2.—'NINEVEH, THE BURIED CITY OF THE EAST,' every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.—Admission, 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s; Children, Half-price.—The Working Men's Lecture will be delivered by Mr. LEITCH, and for Ladies by Mrs. LEITCH. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—PATRON:—H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT, MARRIED, PLEASANT, and COURAGEOUS.—PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES, such Pictures filling a DISC OF ONE THOUSAND SUPERFICIAL FEET. AND ENTIRELY NEW SERIES OF DISSOLVING VIEWS.—LECTURE by J. H. PEPPER, Esq. on the CHEMISTRY of the DISSOLVING OF FILM, and its DECOMPOSITION with CO. 1000, which is the SOUL OF THE POLYGRAPHIC PROCESS; and Mr. DE LA RUE's IRIDESCENT FILM.—LECTURE by DR. BACHMANN on WILKINSON'S NEW PATENT UNIVERSAL ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—DESCRIPTION of RUST'S PATENT TUBULAR PIANOFORTE, daily, at a Quarter-past Three.—Open Mornings and Evenings.—Admission 1s; Schools, and Children under Ten years of age, Half-price.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

ASIATIC.—Feb. 4.—Prof. H. H. Wilson in the chair.—The Rev. W. Arthur and Messrs. J. Meyer and J. E. Marks were elected into the Society.—Mr. Norris read to the Meeting portions of the last letters received from Col. Rawlinson, who had, however, been too much occupied with his political duties to devote much time to archaeology. He noticed the finding of another cylinder of Tiglath-Pileser I., at Kileh Shergat, a triplicate copy, but in a shocking state of mutilation; and, very provocingly, the line which would contain the date read by Dr. Hincks on the copy in the British Museum is all in minute fragments, which he is almost in despair of ever joining together, though resolved to make the attempt so soon as he can find leisure. We have seen success accompanying the efforts of Col. Rawlinson so frequently, that we do not despair, although the difficulty in the newly-found cylinder is increased by the peculiarly brittle condition of the clay of which it is formed. Several slabs with names have been recently found at Kileh Shergat, one of which may possibly read "Shalmeneser, son of Pul." The Colonel mentions this with hesitation; and, on the whole, is inclined to decide against the reading; but the conjecture, which is founded on an ingenious series of comparisons, appears to us a happy one. We admit that,

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unless the name can be found in connexion with historical details, nothing certain can be possibly determined; but, in the mean time, we accept it as possible. The Colonel has got several new inscriptions of the second, or Biblical, Tiglath-Pileser, which were found in the centre of the mound at Nimrud. All are much mutilated; but he has found upon them a list of the Syrian monarchs subdued by Tiglath-Pileser, in his eighth year. The list contains eighteen names, among which we find Rezin of Damascus, Menahem of Samaria, and Hiram of Tyre,—all known from the Biblical annals. There is also the Persian name of Hystaspes of Comagene, under the form of Kushtishapi. The geographical or ethnographical appellations of Byblos, Carchemish, Hamath, Melitene, Tubal, the Zamzummi, and the Arabs, are also in the list; and it is curious that here again we find the Arabs ruled by a queen. Several of these names are found in the inscriptions of Tiglath-Pileser, published by the Trustees of the British Museum; but the list now found is far more complete than any there given. The letter also contained some criticisms on the readings of the inscriptions on the Babylonian weights, which the Colonel maintained to be in the genuine Assyrian or Babylonian language, as well as Hebrew, the numerals there being identical,—and alluded to a former letter, in which he had informed Mr. Norris that the name on one of the weights was probably Evil Merodach. The letter then alluded to the names of the last Assyrian monarchs. Esarhaddon's name was certain; and his son's name might be Assur-bani-pal. Of the grandson, whose name is given in page 600 of Layard's last work, he has not been able to find the least fragment in the south-eastern palace, although he had had people digging there for above a year. Esarhaddon himself certainly began to reign over the whole monarchy in 680 B.C., as stated in the Canon. This is shown by the inscriptions, which give twenty-two years to his predecessor, Sennacherib, who ascended the throne in 702. The Colonel spoke of his further gratification at the success of his photographic apparatus, with which he was making excellent copies of the bricks and tablets found. The letter concluded by noting the arrival of Capt. Jones and Mr. Loftus; and mentioned the arrangements he had made for commencing the operations contemplated by the Assyrian Excavation Committee, without the necessity of applying for a new *firman* from the Porte. Letters had also been received from those gentlemen; and some few details of their journey, which the disturbed state of the country had rendered somewhat difficult. In some places, they had to take escorts of eighty men.

Prof. Wilson read a paper 'On the Disposal of the Dead, and the Burning of Widows among the Hindûs in the Times of the Vedas.'—In his lecture on the Vedas, delivered in the course of last session, he had noticed some remarkable passages in the Rig Veda upon this subject; and, among the rest, the hymn which is cited as authority for the burning of widows. The opinions which he had then formed upon a cursory view of the subject have been fully confirmed by an examination of the various passages on the subject; and his conclusions are, that the text usually cited as authority for the burning of widows enjoins the very contrary, and directs them to remain in the world; and that although the expressions relating to the disposal of the dead are somewhat equivocal, yet it seems probable that the corpse was burned, although the ashes and bones were afterwards buried. After giving a translation of the hymn in which the practice is said to be enjoined, he proceeded to show the origin of the error, or wilful misapprehension, which arose from reading the word *agneh*, instead of the real word *agre*, thereby changing the sentence, 'Let them go up into the dwelling first,' into 'Let them go up into the place of the fire.' The reading *agneh* is confirmed by the commentator; and the translation made by Prof. Wilson agrees, in all essential respects, with another made by Dr. Max Müller. Aswalayana, the author of the 'Grihya Sutras,' a work little inferior in authority to the Vedas, furnishes further proof of what is meant, as he defines the person who is to lead the widow

away after the performance of the funeral rites. As regards the disposal of the dead, the phraseology is more in favour of burying than burning; but it is possible that the burying may refer to the ashes and bones after burning,—a practice analogous to that of other ancient nations, and which may account for the stone coffins found in many parts of India having cinders, or burnt human remains, within them. The funeral ceremonies, as prescribed by the 'Grihya Sutras,' differ in many respects from those now observed; and being of some interest, a translation by Dr. Max Müller is appended to the paper.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Feb. 8.—The Bishop of St. David's, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Davies read a paper 'On the Rhythm or Metre to be found in the Books of the Old Testament, especially the Psalms,—on *Selah*, its Signification and Uses.' Mr. Davies's object was to show that the Psalms of David, at all events—if not other parts of the sacred writings—were rhythmical, if not metrical,—that the word "*Selah*," which occurs so frequently in the Psalms, is always conformable to the rhythm established, and sometimes that it is necessary to the rhythm,—and that it may in all cases be translated with the sense of "for ever." After noticing the various systems which have been propounded by Bishops Lowth and Jebb, and Mr. Greaves, Mr. Davies argued from the occurrence of rhythm, if not of metre, in many other ancient laws, in some Egyptian Papryi, and in some Chinese writings, that the same fact might be discovered in the case of the Hebrew Scriptures,—it not being likely that the Jews should have formed a case isolated from all nations preceding and following them. Mr. Davies then showed that the Psalms and many other writings were of the lyrical class, by careful examination of the text of the first Psalm, the Song of Miriam, the Tenth Commandment and the first chapter of Lamentations, which, he contended bore some resemblance to the rhythm of the choruses at the end of the Greek tragedies. Mr. Davies then showed that in many cases the parallelism of sense given in the English translation is at variance with the original; while the word "*Selah*," agreeably with many of the old commentators, he considered might mean "for ever,"—believing that it should be so translated as to fill up the fullness of the sense.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Feb. 8.—Mr. T. J. Pettigrew, V.P., in the chair.—Messrs. A. C. Tupper, J. Calvert, W. L. Horton, G. Adams, the Rev. E. J. Cox, and Col. Galvagni, were elected Associates.—The Rev. Mr. Hugo exhibited three specimens of Fibulae, found in the autumn of 1852 at Ratcliffe Highway,—two of which belonged to a late Roman or an Anglo-Saxon period, one of which was ornamented by differently coloured portions inserted in the circle, the other was what is called a Decade brooch, having ten points, but the ornaments at their apices had all disappeared. This specimen was like one lately found at Maidstone, and exhibited by Mr. Ashpitel. The third fibula, from its ornamentation, was declared to be Danish.—Mr. Clarke, of Easton, exhibited a specimen of the coin of the elder Faustina, obtained at Framlingham, and Mr. Wimbridge rubbings of two brasses which were new and interesting. The rubbing was taken by Mr. Wimbridge, in 1849, the brass having been then entirely exposed by the removal of a pew in Chishill Church, near Saffron Walden, Essex. It was to the memory of Sir John de la Pole and his wife Joan, the daughter and heiress of John Lord Cobham. It is of a date between 1370 and 1375; and the knight is represented in the armour of the end of the reign of Edward the Third. The head-dress of his Lady exhibits the caul usually seen of the same period; and she wears the sleeve lappets which are sometimes, but rarely, found in contemporary brasses. The armorial bearings of Sir John are on the south door of the church, which it is probable he assisted in rebuilding. A fragment only of the inscription remains, and consists of "sa feme priez." The second rubbing was from a brass in St. Nicholas Church, Taplow, Bucks, and consists of an elegant cross, formed by a long stem

resting on a dolphin, and terminating in a head composed of eight ogee arches, small and large alternating, with tasteful finials surrounding a small male figure, with flowing hair, moustaches, and beard. He wears a hood, cape, tunic, close fitting and reaching below the knees, partly open in front, and furnished with two pocket-holes. It is of about the year, 1350, and the inscription reads—"Nichole de Aumbede iadis Pessoner de Londres gist ici — Dieu de Salme : sit mercy. Amen."—Mr. Brent exhibited drawings of two stones now in the Dover Museum: one of which was a cross with Runic characters, and has been figured in the 'Archæologia,' vol. xxv. It was found when digging for the foundation of the Antwerp Inn, and is esteemed as of the sixth century. As different opinions were expressed in regard to the reading of the inscription, it was referred for further inquiry. The other stone was either of the close of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century, and presents the following portion of an inscription:—

... CET PETRVS DE CREONE

E PRO ANIMA EIVS

being probably "Hic jacet Petrus de Creone. Orate pro anima ejus." The name of Creon or Crohan occurs frequently in the reign of John, and a Peter de Crohan was a favourite of that monarch, as on one occasion a sum of money is remitted, which he owed to the Crown, and on another he received a grant of lands lying near the manor of Greenwich. Mr. Brent did not conceive the inscription to be of so early a date, but several of the members esteemed it to belong to that time. Peter de Creon was a well-known Anglo-Norman poet, as was also Maurice de Creon; some of their songs have been preserved. Maurice held high offices under the English Crown, and Peter appears to have been his son, and this, probably, formed his tombstone.—Mr. F. J. Baigent sent drawings of a recent discovery he had made by the removal of whitewash from the walls of Winchester College. They consist of sculptured ornaments in the library. This building was erected and endowed as a chantry by John Fromond, of Sparsholt, Hants, who was a great benefactor to both of the Colleges of Wykeham, and founded this chantry in 1430. A certificate of the survey of the college in the reign of Henry the Eighth, preserved in the Augmentation Office, gives the particulars of the foundation of this chantry, which after the Reformation was converted into a library, for which purpose it is still used. The ornaments discovered by Mr. Baigent consist of—1. A representation of the royal lion (used as the crest of the British Sovereigns since the time of Edward the Third) made to do the office of a shield-bearer, having the arms of Fromond, *azur à chevron or, between three fleurs-de-lys, argent*. 2. A richly sculptured mitre placed upon a heart, the whole being surrounded by a wreath of entwined branches and flowers. This is regarded by Mr. Baigent as an emblem of William Waynflete, who was a Wykehamist and head-master of Winchester College, Bishop of Winchester from 1447 to 1466. The same emblem appears on his monumental effigy in Winchester Cathedral. 3. Two animals struggling with each other. 4. A castellain, or warden, blowing a trumpet, which he holds in his right hand, whilst in his left he wields a battle-axe. He is represented with the slashed or indented sleeves of the fifteenth century, and the cap on his head is ornamented. A shield, containing the Fromond arms, hangs from his neck, and at his back appears the hinder portion of an animal, probably a lion.—The remainder of the evening was occupied by the reading of a second paper by Mr. A. H. Burkitt 'On the Tradesmen's Signs in London,' which gave rise to a conversation on the ancient houses in London.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—Feb. 8.—Mr. E. Newman, President, in the chair.—It was announced that the Council not having received last year any essay on the natural history of the "Mussel-Scale Blight" of British fruit-trees, and especially the apple, and having reason to believe that the time allowed for preparation had not been sufficient, renewed their offer of a prize of five guineas

for the delivery. Also the Coccus merce, December, in stating information, procure should who in nell, J. were e for ward, exhibited great b President moth b larva w species Bates a call a galia p night as an e continue b. A. Eup the nor (Fab.), Mr. Cu upon the some of on a re collection typical Cherru one gen been the well CHEM sident, Payne, Molesw M. Cha of Salic the salicylic acid, forming ethers ex paper w Mr. W. power in various tion. Feb. 8 chair. Busy w read, be knowledge of lately b series of the Exist salted E and the Ethyl and John INST.—J. Sim paper rea nation of I object w principle the degr faculta ROYAL Yorke, J. Tynd by the C tures. Feb. 8 chair.— Transmi

for the best essay on this subject which shall be delivered to them by the 31st of December next. Also that a similar prize will be awarded under the usual conditions, for the best essay on the *Coccus* which produces the "lac dye" of commerce, such essay to be sent in before the 31st of December 1855. The Council had great pleasure in stating that by the kindness of Dr. Royle any information in the possession of, or that could be procured in India by, the East India Company should be placed at the disposal of any persons who might take up the subject.—Messrs. Brownell, J. M. Savage, F. P. Pascoe and J. Birt were elected Members, and Mr. J. R. S. Clifford was elected a Subscriber.—Mr. E. L. Layard exhibited a large collection of Lepidoptera of great beauty and rarity, formed by him during a residence of several years in Ceylon.—The President exhibited a *Saccophora*,—a curious moth belonging to the Bombycidae, of which the larva was a case-bearer like the Psychidae. This species (the second known) was reared by Mr. Bates at Santarem, after whom he proposed to call it *S. Batesii*.—Mr. Douglas exhibited a *Phigalia pilosaria* taken on a gas-lamp at Lee, on the night of the 21st of January, remarkable not only as an early appearance, but as coming so soon after continued low temperature.—Mr. Stevens exhibited a specimen of *Argynnis Papilio*, and one of *A. Euphydryas*, both remarkable as variations from the normal type of marking; also *Elata impressus* (Fab.), a new British species from Perthshire.—Mr. Curtis read a paper entitled 'Critical Remarks upon the British Elateridae, with Descriptions of some of the Species'.—Mr. Waterhouse stated that, on a recent inspection of the Rev. Mr. Hope's collection at Oxford, he was convinced that the typical specimens of *Polyphrades cinereus* and *Cherurus natus* of Schönherr were both referable to one genus and species, and this opinion had since been confirmed to him by M. Henri Jekel of Paris, the well-known student of Curculionidae.

CHEMICAL.—*Jan. 16.*—Col. Philip Yorke, President, in the chair.—Messrs. H. J. Smith, G. Payne, S. Highley, jun. and the Rev. J. H. Molesworth were elected Fellows.—A paper from M. Charles Gerhardt 'On some New Compounds of Salicyl' was read, in which he developed certain theoretical views founded on the fact that the salicylic ethers, although corresponding to neutral salicylates, are capable of uniting with bases and forming well-defined metallic salts, in which the ethers exhibit the character of true acids.—Another paper was read 'On Red Prussiate of Potash,' by Mr. William Wallace, treating of its oxidizing power in the presence of an alkali, its solubility at various temperatures, and the means of its valuation.

Feb. 6.—Col. Philip Yorke, President, in the chair.—Messrs. Evans, A. W. Wills and C. De Bussy were elected Fellows.—Two papers were read, both with the view of extending our knowledge of the volatile bases of the ammonia type lately brought into such prominence by the discoveries of Wurtz and Hofmann. The first was 'On the Existence of Trimethylamine in the Brine of salted Herrings,' by Mr. Gershaw H. Winkles; and the second was 'On the Action of Iodide of Ethyl on Toluidine,' by Messrs. Reg. T. Morley and John S. Abel.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—*Feb. 14.*—J. Simpson, Esq., President, in the chair.—The paper read was 'On the Principles and Construction of Locks,' by Mr. A. C. Hobbs. The author's object was to give a brief review of the mechanical principles involved in the construction of locks, and the degree of security hitherto achieved by manufacturers.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—*Jan. 27.*—Col. Philip J. Yorke, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. J. Tyndall 'On the Vibration and Tones produced by the Contact of Bodies having different Temperatures.'

Feb. 3.—Right Hon. Baron Parke, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. W. R. Grove read a paper 'On the Transmission of Electricity by Flame and Gases.'

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon. Royal Academy, 8.—'On Sculpture,' by Sir R. Westmacott.
British Architects, 8.
— Statistical, 8.—'On Agricultural Statistics,' by Mr. Paull.
Tues. Horticultural, 2.
— Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—Discussion 'On the Principles and Construction of Locks,' by Mr. Hobbs.—Description of Martin's Improved Jacquard Machine,' by Mr. Lafosset.
Royal Institution, 2.—'On Heat,' by Prof. Tyndall.
Wed. Royal Society of Literature, 4.
— Geological, 8.—'On the Tertiary Formations of the Mayence Basin,' by Mr. Huxley.—'On the Gold-bearing District of Mount Alexander, Victoria, Australia,' by Mr. Selwyn.
— Society of Arts, 8.—'On the Deodorizing and Disinfecting Properties of Charcoal; with a Description of a New Charcoal Regenerator for Purifying the Air by Filtration,' by Dr. Stenhouse.
— British Archaeological, 8.—'On Stone Implements,' by Mr. Cumming.
Thurs. Numismatic, 7.
— Antiquaries, 8.
— Royal Institution, 2.—'On Animal Physiology,' by Prof. Wharton Jones.
Fri. Philological, 8.
— Royal Institution, 8.—'On the Acidity, Sweetness, and Sourness of different Wines,' by Dr. Jones.
Sat. Royal Institution, 8.—'On the Chemistry of the Non-Metallic Elements,' by Prof. Miller.

FINE ARTS

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

To look at *Apple Blossoms*, by Mr. H. Hunt, in Chromato-lithography, (Hanhart & Co.), is almost to anticipate the "blossom month," as the Saxon poets called May. Within the last few years lithography has passed from woolly, inky landscapes to the most accurate imitations of water-colour drawings, and even oil-paintings. We can now have not only mono-chromatic engravings of the masters we esteem, but artistically coloured fac-similes. This is another step to bring Art within the reach of even the mechanic, and when it arrives at the poor man's house, its real mission of refinement and elevation will have begun. We have here a small apple-bough, loaded thick with rosy flowers, trailing down over a mossy, sandy, crumbling bank, rich in warm ochreous tints; in the foreground lies the nest of that most skilful of all our winged architects the goldfinch. The globular buds, the flowers, red and white, with the neutral tinge blending both colours, the cottony down on the twigs, and the little rusty lichens that encrust them, are admirably conveyed. With equal effect is given the entwining sprays of the bird's-nest, the mossy cup where the spotted eggs lie soft, and the few feathers plucked from the mother's own breast that make the cradle more dainty, not to forget the little root fibres that net it round, some of which have broken loose like osiers from an old fishing creel. Much of the breadth of the original is caught, and time may enable the lithographic artist to attain still more of sharpness, boldness, and cutting relief. If the ground would permit it, a few hours' hand labour of a skilled artist would much enhance the value of these lithographs, and we should think not much increase their price.

Tilbury Fort, Wind against Tide, by Mr. Stanfield, engraved by J. T. Wilmore, is the name of a new print offered to the subscribers to the Art-Union. The print is full of vigour and motion, and is a good re-production of the feeling of one who knows the element he lives on and lives by. Neither Backhuysen, with all his "spray-laden breezes," nor Vandervelde, though he did lie on his back in a Thames wherry to paint the coming on of stiff "sou'westers," ever conveyed with such manly earnestness, such proud-sweeping truth, the long, deep roll of a wave, or the clear ruffling atmosphere of the open sea. On the right of the picture is Tilbury Fort, a sort of Queen Anne erection reminding us neither of Sheridan nor Queen Elizabeth, neither of Don Whiskerando nor Tilburina in white muslin. A smack laden with barrels is lying off the shore; some soldiers have just been taken on board, and a sturdy fisherman in a passing boat is hauling some one on land at the very top of his lungs. The wind, buffeting with the tide, surges on wave upon wave, in heavy foamy driftings, while the water, both in its deepest hollows and in its transparent crestings, is streaked with trailing head lines of foam, showing the violence of the struggle of the two elements, even at the widening only of a great river, and telling of the tumultuous struggle going on in the channel without. Everything conduces to the

artist's effect,—the gurgling splash of the cumbrous buoys, the swoop of the gulls, even the helpless hurry of the loose driftings in the water.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

It is difficult to understand the principle on which pictures which require close inspection should be placed far from the sight, while pictures calculated for a more distant view should be put on the level of the eye. Symmetry of frames and forms is pleaded in favour of this arrangement; but we recognize no symmetry in that which, by its nature, is a great injustice. The law of support may require, in Architecture, that the lower members should be more solid than the upper—that the piercings in these should be fewer—that there should be no undue pressure. But the art of picture-hanging is troubled with no such necessities. The pictures are not the wall; and it is generally supposed that sufficient support is afforded by ledges to prevent one picture from crushing another. If this idea of symmetry is to be carried out at the expense of the artist, the use of an Exhibition is very small. According to the prevalent fashion, the vigour of Paolo Cagliari would assault, the delicacy of Teniers escape, the eye. Wherefore, also, do the friends of the British Institution give such undue encouragement to landscape painting—a branch of the art which least requires patronage,—while they hang in obscure corners such efforts in the more difficult and interesting branches as are placed under their care?

In our last notice of this Exhibition, we omitted to point out many productions equal in merit to those selected for remark,—in favour of such as furnished us with texts for certain observations on the state of the British school. We should not else have allowed Mr. Hering's charming transcripts of Italian scenery to pass without early notice. No. 174, by this artist, is an elegant peep over the Lago Maggiore and the Borromean Islands; displaying to the eye an atmosphere somewhat fresher than Italy generally affords; but it is an atmosphere, not a fantasy—one which we would recommend to the notice of less painstaking landscape painters who, unlike Messrs. Wyld and Hering, appear to think that the sun absolves them from the necessity for employing air-tints. The shadowed sides of the near buildings, in Mr. Hering's landscape, have not the peculiar clearness and strong warm reflection peculiar to hot climates; nor have the shadows that sharpness and blue depth so characteristic of sunshine under the fresher manifestations of its influence. Another picture, by the same artist, in the Middle Room, *Angera, Lago Maggiore* (214), displays the same careful and somewhat timid observance of the varied hues of atmosphere-tinted nature. There is a simple charm about this artist's works which we may seek in vain in many works of greater technical pretensions; but in which facility of pencil is more apparent than subtlety of feeling, and startling effect predominates over the scenic sentiment.

An illustration of this more subjective quality of painting is yielded by a large and tapestry-looking piece by Mr. Holland, *Deal Beach* (447). Who would care to possess this as a representation of Deal Beach? Indeed, the beach itself is the least successful portion of the picture. But, as the embodiment of a rolling wave, beneath a sky of mingled blue and dazzling cumuli—spanned by a faint "triumphal arch"—and which cumuli cast their radiance on the surge beneath, it is a high-class landscape. The clouds are designed with a boldness more suitable, probably, to historical composition than to mere landscape.

A Scene in the Lagunes of Venice (89), by Mr. W. Linton, is a picture to arrest the eye and compel discussion. By the side of feathery, feeble, starch-and-water painters of landscape, the more massive style of this artist suffers and gains at the same time. We question, however, whether a theory of colour and of treatment, however plausible in an artist's studio—placed under a chosen light, and surrounded by its natural foils and illustrations—will woo the many, in a common

gallery, which does not include the richest greens and the brightest blues. The scene here painted in the Lagoon is like the better known productions of Mr. Linton's pencil; it is firm and deep in tone, and has a kind of vibratory character in the atmosphere which is seldom found in pictures by less vigorous hands.

Love may delight in contrasts, but in Exhibitions these are antagonistic to love of Art. The contrasts in each picture may be charming ministrations to effect, but in the examples—*Contemplation* (213), by Rothwell, and a Venetian Female (189), by Phillips—the contrast is extremely unfavourable to the high lights of the latter. The bloom of rosy flesh is always agreeable; and even if Mr. Rothwell's picture were less well painted than it is, it would probably injure its Southern neighbour by its strong appeal to British sympathies. In Mr. Phillips's somewhat large but well painted head, we feel that the highest lights are not scrupulously exact, since, however dark the surface, the impingement of light is always fresh and playful.

Of Mr. Rothwell's *A thing of beauty is a joy for life* (263), we cannot speak so highly. It has an air of unreality; the eyes are curiously large, and the general tone is flimsy. With the taste and care displayed in No. 213, the artist might have rendered the "thing of beauty" at least an artistic joy for life.

Another contrast, injurious to both paintings, occurs in the placing of *Spring* (319), by Mr. H. O'Neil, and *A Country Girl* (323), by Mr. J. P. Drew. The latter being an imitation of Inskip; the former a careful and somewhat hard Italian study of a head.

Mr. Alfred Patten's *Orestes pursued by the Furies* (549) is one of the "gold medal" series lately shown at the Royal Academy. If it lack dramatic vigour, it is agreeably painted; promising well for the young artist. A picture, *Crab-catchers* (241), by Mr. W. Hemley, reminds us of Webster's early works. There is here not only careful finish, but taste in the execution. The ground is not disturbed by clogging paint, where repose and depth are required; the only drawback—but it is a very important drawback—is the want of expression in the principal figure. *A Staff in Old Age* (65), by Mr. Alex. Craig, proves the disadvantage of an Exhibition which invites men to send anything they paint. What claim this group has on public attention we fail to see. The painting does not redeem the want of interest in the personages. *A Passage in the Life of Melanchthon* (129), by Mr. Alex. Johnston, is painted with facile touch, but it scarcely goes beyond sketchiness. *A Slave Dealer* (133), by Mr. J. Colby, is only remarkable as exhibiting the cruelty of the artist in cutting off the legs of his victims. No. 342 is a simple but heavy study of a Fisherman, by Mr. J. Hollins. *A Sleeping Boy* (495), by Miss E. Hunter, deserves notice as a clever sketch; but it is painted in a *fa presto* style, and it appears under a glazing which makes its cleverness seem the result of technical ability rather than artistic feeling.

In an obscure corner of a room we discover a bit of unassuming but genuine painting; this is *An Interior* (474), with an old man smoking, by Mr. F. D. Hardy. Near to it, in the same cheerless nook, are *Waiting for Alms* (475), by Mr. Henderson, and *A Fern Gatherer* (460), by Mr. Mann, —the latter a simple and sincere study, with ferns that startle by their reality. Mr. Coke Smyth's *Eastern Story-teller* (471) has the general character of the scene, save a somewhat sodden colour, but the improvising poet, cross-legged and eager, would have composed better with a hint of a sole proceeding from his left foot. Of Mr. Gilbert, though excellent as a designer on wood, we can say but little as an oil-painter. Bits of a secondary character are admirably painted; but the inimitable *Sancho* (509) is here represented as a fit companion to his repulsive un-Spanish wife. Little care has been devoted to the faces; and we must wait for a fitter opportunity ere we extend the praise accorded to the designer to the painter. We cannot pass over Mr. J. Wilson's sea-scapes, in which the translucent quality of the water makes us regret that he does not pay attention to his more distant grounds.

Casting our eyes towards those topmost regions which we cannot see, we receive an impression that many a fair study is hung up there to "blush unseen." Such a fair study may be the lady in white *Finishing 'Bleak House'* (435), by Mr. A. B. Clay, a female head (449) by Mr. Chester Earles, or *Saunders Mucklebackit* (92) by Mr. H. S. Marks. But as we cannot see these rather tempting little studies, we will not say with certainty. A large canvas may be seen anywhere; but the smaller subjects, if they have enough merit to command a place on the walls of the Exhibition, should be hung where the public may have a chance of seeing them.

The Queen's name is "a tower of strength," and her effigy commands by a prescriptive right the best places in her dominions, whether these be furnished by amateur hangmen in the shop windows or by professional executioners in public galleries. Else had *Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria taking the Oath*, &c. (542), by Sir George Hayter, scarcely occupied so conspicuous a place in Pall Mall. It is by no means a gracious, lovable picture, being rather stiff, vapid, and *clinquant*, —the name of which sin in English Art-nomenclature has yet to be verbally compounded of "crude, harsh, and inharmonious." There is a want of the regal air,—an air which the painter should supply even if it were wanting in nature. The dowdy red curtain is in the worst taste; and the little churchman looks more like a puppet than a dignitary, and lends a striken air to the whole scene, to which the crown, elaborately as it is painted, fails to add splendour. Besides the original weakness of the composition, there are the unpleasant *buffy* colour of the flesh and the dryness of effect in the accessories. It is the fashion of the day to underrate Lawrence; but we question whether courtly circles have ever been addressed by the Arts with such "flatteringunction" as by Sir Thomas.

Rustic Favourites (360), by Mr. T. F. Marshall, is a charming daylight group of animals fed by a pleasing little maiden, painted with a brush as healthy as her cheeks. Figure, animals, and landscape proclaim attentive study and careful taste.

Mr. A. Cooper has several small pieces on the walls,—which pieces, as usual, denote his thorough acquaintance with animal draughtsmanship.—Mr. J. D. Wingfield's *A Gipsy Party of other Days* (252), is an agreeable sylvan scene dotted with picturesque costumes.

Mr. V. Hughes's *The Rape of the Lock* (524) is not without cleverness; but its accents are so polished that true expression suffers.—This is the case also with a picture without a name (405), by Mr. F. Wyburd. In both these works finical elaboration is mistaken for finish, breadth is impaired by redundancy of detail, and stress of definite observance destroys the charm of the "lost and found," or that quality of repose by which important parts are rendered prominent either by relief or tone.—The companion picture, *Netting* (414), by Mr. Havell, is far more agreeable, though it is too full in execution for so small a subject.

The *Bride of Lammermuir* (439), by Miss J. McLeod, shows considerable taste, without positively ascending into the regions of the picturesque. There is some delicacy about Lucy, but her gentle courteous face we read none of the antecedents of that woful tale.—Mr. George Stanfield has profited by a contemplation of his father's skill in objective details; but he exaggerates his father's faults. Air-tints can never be forgotten in a landscape, however we may cease to regard their prevalence in the more grand historical style, where higher requirements attract us. *The Fall of the Sallanches in the Valais* (339) is a fair example of laboured composition and effect. At any rate, it is not feeble; and if it lack air, it is not a vapoury contortion of lines and tones, with dots of amber buildings and brush trees.—Among the last, though far from being amongst the least in our esteem, is Mr. Ansdell, whose principal piece, of a striking size and subject, is *The Interrupted Meal* (158) in the North Room. In surveying this artist's works we are always reminded of the proverbial peril of "between two stools." It is difficult to imagine a safe position between the intrepid historical style of Snyders, the elaborate

vigour of Hondekoeter, and the delicate mastery of our own Landseer. The definite and crudely exact is not seen by the eye of the master of effect in the picturesque objects of his choice; and although Snyders, from the large style of the school in which he painted, left a more dominant contour than Landseer, the variety of stress on that contour, and the mellow passages of clear obscure, carried the eye fluently through the mastery of design to a broad conception of the whole. Mr. Ansdell in his larger works seems to require more of the mellowness and decision of Snyders, and in his smaller ones more of the subtlety of Sir E. Landseer. He may still speak his own language according to two distinct forms of artistic grammar. His Eagle wants relief; the monotony of the chocolate-coloured intruder, and the organ-pipe regularity of its outspread wings, strike the eye unpleasantly.

We must draw our notice of this Exhibition to a close. Perhaps we have lingered about it somewhat longer than it merited. As a market for struggling ability, the Institution necessarily has our good wishes. Many of the young—the untried—are here enabled to appear before the public, and are obtain those first recognitions which lead on to fame. It is in the interests of these artists that we refrain from pronouncing the British Institution a failure as well as a mistake.

THE ROMAN COURTS AT THE SYDENHAM PALACE.

THE very road-dust of modern Athens formed perhaps once a part of the noblest labours of Phidias. Where are the 1,500 works in bronze executed by Lysippus?—where the 500 statues that Nero plucked from the pedestals of Delphi? Of Phidias's colossal Minerva and Jupiter not a stone remains. Of Scopas and Myron we have perhaps only copies. The 'Standard' of Polycletus, the 'Bow' of Myron, the Venuses of Scopas and Praxiteles, the Cupid of Lysippus, are to us as though they never were. Even the Belvidere Apollo is by good authorities supposed to be only a copy of a bronze original, and at earliest of the age of Nero. The Laocoön is placed by some as late as the reign of Titus. Of Phidias we have only those Titian torsos the Elgin marbles. The very names of many antique statues are uncertain. An Isis is called by many a Hebe, and the same statue is finally degraded to an Ariadne.

But is it not perhaps better than being thus querulous to congratulate ourselves on the few rich bales of merchandise which the divers have recovered from the wreck? What revolutions and convulsions—what earthquakes and floods—what sieges, sacks, and pillagings on which have escaped!—these same statues on which the eyes of Pericles and of Plato may have rested. Think of the *Ætolian Wars*,—of Mummius and Sylla,—of the iconoclastic tumults,—of the early Christians' persecution, in whose legend Venus figures as an arch-demon and Cupid as her chief imp,—of the Goths, the Huns, and the Lombards,—of the tumults of the Guelphs and Ghibellines,—of the faction fights of the Ursini and the Colonias. They have been hurled from the walls at the yellow-haired Vandals—they have been scorched and scathed—have been buried and broken, built into fortress-walls, and sunk in tanks and wells. Who can wonder then that in the fifteenth century there were only six antique statues known to exist in Rome? The treasure-seekers dug beneath the living city down into the dead—down among the ashes of Cæsar and Horace, Nero and Trajan. The Fighting Gladiator and the Apollo they found in the ruins of Nero's marine villa at Antium, but nearly all the rest at Rome; the Laocoön in the Baths of Titus, the Antinous in the Esquiline Hill, the Venus de Medicis near the Theatre of Marcellus, the Farnese Hercules at the Baths of Caracalla, the Barberini Faun in the ditch beneath the mole of Hadrian, and the Dying Gladiator in the gardens of Sallust. Remembering that the ancient sculptors from a religious convention rarely deviated from one type, and that every celebrated statue became a standard for the succeeding epoch, we may perhaps conclude that there are few celebrated works of the golden age of which,

either or rel. Cupid Praxiteles with E. Myron. Let in the dems the di a patch Belvid have Venus are by hand a and par also re and fit the La bolus h Towne compa lest he nation are the works. Laoco of both chin of time, a proba pressio —is on cale m turn a out. Nib. Two are pain are near and alm Baths house." casts of side—f with w the dec begin abounding complai hinted, and that cle and Per and whi Art, we but nar types o probabl perpetu gressing rhianthe a Decor and fre slurred it for lack actness minde A tor to do the pain conceiv Satyrs a religion the unsa ferveur hidden p workma knightly. To as if it w sti which st with wr

either by copy, imitation, or plagiarism, cameo or relief, we do not possess some remains. The Cupid bending his Bow, and the Apollino, by Praxiteles, are probably thus handed down: the Apollo may be that of Calamis executed in rivalry with Phidias,—the Medicean Venus may be a copy of Praxiteles,—the Townley Discobolus a copy of Myron's.

Let the modest spectator beware of criticism in these rooms, and learn to admire ere he condemns. Let him not praise the curl of a lip or the dimpling of a chin:—that very part may be a patch and a repair. The left arm of the Apollo Belvidere is modern, and the right arm and foot have been badly mended. Both arms of the Venus de Medicis are new, and the wanton hands are by that coxcomb Bernini:—the nose, the right hand and foot of the seated Mars, and the hand and part of the foot of the Dying Gladiator, are also reparations. The Apollino's hands, the nose and fingers of the Capitol Venus, the right arm of the Laocoön, are also new. The Townley Discobolus has a head that does not belong to him,—the Townley Venus has a left arm and right hand of comparatively recent manufacture. He will beware lest he praise the points worthy only of condemnation: for, as a flaw runs through humanity, so are there imperfections even in man's sublimest works. The right foot of the Apollo and of the Laocoön are larger than the left; and the left leg of both statues are larger than the right. The chin of the Venus de Medicis has been injured by time, and, according to an erudit German, it is probable that the much-lauded dimple—"the impression of Love's finger," as Ovid prettily calls it—is only a flaw. The head of the Farnese Hercules may be too small, the knees of the Apollo turn a little in, and those of the Antinous a *little* out. The averted sides of the faces of some of the Niobe group are rather flattened.

Two rooms of the Roman Court, the walls of which are painted to represent the richest marbles, are now nearly completed, that we walk through them and almost believe ourselves pacing a corridor of the Baths of Titus or an ante-room of Nero's "golden house." In an adjoining part of the building are casts of the Elgin and the Ægina marbles, side by side—for at present they are mostly unarranged—with works of the time of Praxiteles, and down to the decline of Art under the Emperors. You may begin with the rude, hard statuettes of Ægina, abounding in traces of their Asiatic origin,—self-complacent smirk on every face, the anatomy merely hinted, the hair artificially arranged, coarsely expressed, and the drapery typified rather than given: and this is nearly all we have of the five centuries that elapsed from the mythical Dedalus to Phidias and Pericles. Of the two centuries that followed, and which embraced the richest period of Grecian Art, we have at least many copies, and a few genuine but nameless works. As the early and venerated types of Dedalus lingered under Phidias, so probably were the traditions of the school of Midas perpetuated under the Empire. Art, slowly progressing through a Doric, an Ionic, and a Corinthian period,—a Norman, an Early English, and a Decorated period,—perished with the fall of faith and freedom. Slaves thought only of money, slurred their work, grudged their labour, and copied for lack of invention. Something like Dutch exactness and Dutch coarse voluptuousness undermined Art. The spirit that led the antique sculptor to delineate the very stitches of the sandal, or the painter to linger seven years over a single creation was gone. The soul that should have conceived an Apollo now revelled in drunken Satyrs and loathsome Silenus. The love and religion that made Phidias elaborately finish even the unseen back of his Theseus were gone. Such fervour as led the Venetian to labour at the dark hidden portion of the Doge's statues, or the Gothic workman to toil at the concealed back of the knightly effigy, had not yet dawned.

To the present position of the statues, which seems as if it were intended to be permanent, a few objections might be raised. One room, in the centre of which stands the Apollo, his nostril still dilating with wrath, and his lip curled with divine scorn at the impotence of the transfixed Python, is marred

by a seated statue of Agrippina, the ill-favoured mother of the monster Nero,—discordant again with the rejoicing Faun, drunk with the joy of youth, and the vine-crowned Bacchus, more feminine and ideal in its beauty than even Antinous,—with Mercury, and his Attic shrewdness and god-like sagacity,—with the winged Fortune poised upon the globe,—and with the victorious Venus. The Venus de Medicis should reign in the centre of a room alone. Attention should be paid to the fact that the principal statues of antiquity were designed for particular places, and can only be judged of when placed as originally designed. The Apollo was to be viewed only in front,—the group of Niobe looks simply ridiculous behind, because it was originally, as is supposed, sheltered by a pediment. The Laocoön group filled a niche, and does not compose so well in any other position as in front. The Venus, however, occupied a central altar, and the back is, if possible, more beautiful than the front. Of the present position of that majestic group called 'The Farnese Bull' we cannot speak too highly.

In a passage between the first and second room we find the Antinous and the Adonis. In the second room itself we have that wonderful effort of genius, the Dying Gladiator, and the Laocoön—almost the only antique attempt to give the working of violent passions, so contrary to the calmness and passionlessness which form the idea of abstract beauty,—and forming with the Wrestlers and the Dancing Faun the only three unique statues that we possess. Here, too, is the delicate Apollino, one of the most beautiful types of boyhood existing in sculpture, only surpassed by that supposed work of Praxiteles, the Lizard-Killer,—the very perfection of abstract grace. We find the Cupid sleeping like a dove, nestled in the warm softness of its own downy wings,—the Listening Slave, probably a votive statue and a portrait,—the Wrestlers,—the Clapping Faun,—the voluptuous Venus of Milo—the womanhood of beauty, as the Venus de Medicis is the youth,—and the Townley Venus.

Here we can trace the whole progress of their ideal of perfect female beauty till enfeebled Art was compelled to relinquish the purity of the first abstraction in the lascivious fancies that gratified a Caligula or a Heliogabalus. We have the Venus newly rising from the sea, as the Dolphin bestrid by Cupids might indicate was the thought of the Medicean Venus, looking round on the world over which she was to rule. We have here the Venus Conquering and the Venus Victorious,—in the latter we see her holding in her hand the sword of Mars, while Cupid groans under the burden of his helmet. We have the same goddess holding the Apple of Discord,—the marine Venus,—the crouching Venus,—Venus at the bath,—the Venus half draped,—the Venus entirely draped,—and the Venus extracting a thorn: the last of these statues was suggested by the legend that, as she sought for Adonis through the forest, a thorn pierced her foot, and from the blood sprang up the violet,—as to a drop of Juno's milk we are indebted for the lilies of the field.

In the crowned Juno, that regal Zenobia of Olympus, we have the highest ideal of matronly beauty,—as we have of chastity in Diana. The eyes of the Venuses are slightly closed, as with the serenity of pleasure, those of Juno are large and keenly. In the Minerva we trace the ideal of Diana chastely heightened by divine wisdom. We have no longer the keen eye of the huntress, looking penetratively through the mountain mists at the eagle above her, or the deer below, but a serene meditation combined with a chaste repose,—a glance of benign protection mingled with almost pity for the worshipper. We find her here with her aegis entwined with serpents, or with her left breast bare like an Amazon, but otherwise draped and armed, and wearing the helmet of the time of Pericles. Of Jove we have few representations. The sculptor loved most the gods who possessed the gift of eternal youth, for in youth we approach nearer to the divine ideal, and as we grow older the gilding of divinity rubs off and leaves the poor brass beneath. Thus we have the Apollo, whose imperishable beauty—if the statue were to-morrow pounded to dust—has already been enshrined in

hearts and brains sufficient to secure it an eternity of fame. We have also the younger and more human Apollino, the god transformed to a youthful shepherd, guarding the flocks of Thessaly. We have him musing on his godhead laid aside, or killing a lizard, as if already nerving his arm for the Python,—his feminine beauty stolen from all that is lovely in the tranquillity of the sky or sea, from the perishable glory of the flower or the dewdrop. We have those beautiful types of human and divine childhood, Cupid and Psyche,—Cupid sleeping,—the young Bacchus carried by a Faun, or rocked to sleep in the brawny arms of Silenus,—the Boy Praying,—that lotus-eating, dreaming angel, the Genius of Repose,—the sleeping Hermaphrodite,—the Boy and Swan,—Ganymede pouring out the nectar,—the Cupid at the foot of the resting Mars,—the sleeping Endymion,—that lumpish giant Puck, the boy Hercules, and many more.

And we have, also, in these courts that wonderful type of rustic youth, with a dash of eternity in it, the Fauns; they who pelt the Naiads with the fircones, who trample themselves red in the wine-press. Here we see them drunk and garrulous, sprawling on swollen wine-skins, bounding over mountain paths, weighed down with plunder from the vineyards, mad and intoxicated with joy at the sight of Bacchus, dashing together the cymbals, or treadling out hoarse music from the *scabellum*, resting from the dance, the pipe still in their hands, sleeping after the vintage, heavy with wine, their club and flute hung beside them on a vine-stock, meditating mischief, or laughing uproariously at the cub Satyr who, very earnestly and with pouting lips, draws the thorn from their horny feet.

And here, too, is the young Bacchus, nodding vine leaves on his head, and sleeping beauty about his eyes, dreamy with the languor of love and divine tranquillity. The very air around him seems fragrant with the odours of the silent land; his beauty more godlike than that of the voluptuous Antinous. Then comes the beauty of mere humanity, as in the Discobolus, or the mere beauty of form without beauty of feature, as in the Gladiators, the Athlete, the Laocoön, and the young Hercules.

Then we have the idealization of human strength in the Farnese Hercules, that magnificent impossibility, that incarnation of a thousand nursery tales. Then comes the interest of association, the natural now severed from the ideal. Demosthenes, with his compressed under-lip, as he stood up to denounce Philip. Those beautiful "apocryphal" Phocion and Aristides,—the real Euripides, the seated Menander, and the nude Germanicus. There is Caracalla, with his black malignant sneer, and Augustus, wily with a low weak under-jaw, so unlike the broad, prominent, strong-willed chin of Caesar and Napoleon. Here is Agrippina, mean and sensual, with frizzled false hair, but pensive as if foreseeing her fate. In the Animal Kingdom, we have the Boar of Calydon, Stags borne down by Leopards, the Roman Eagle, the Farnese Bull, and the Molossian Hound. The Grecian Horses, so different from our ideal, seem true to the thick-necked, short-legged, cobs of a mountain country. It is only in a flat country, a broad region of plains like Hungary, of grassy meadows like England, or smooth deserts like Arabia, that the horse reaches its full perfection. The horse of Greek sculpture may be grand; but he is not beautiful. An English charger would have made the eyes of Phidias glisten with delight.

COLOUR IN SCULPTURE.

AMONGST the arguments used for and against the colouring of statues, the following points have not come before me.

I think it clear, that plain white and one-colour statues have come to be admired by an accident. This accident may have led to perfection—still it is an accident. Marble has been used as a suitable substance because it was abundant in the land of sculptors. These sculptors used various colours of marble. We admire the white most, because the colouring of the marbles

has had no analogy to the colour of man, so many having red, green and other marks upon them. Bronze was adopted because it was the only metal which people in early times could cast well. We admire the bronze after time has destroyed the original colour, after oxidation of the surface; so the accident of decay has stamped the colour, and we look on it as perfect, thinking it ancient.

As we have by this mode of reasoning got our ideas of statues by mere accident, we must of necessity be exposed to prejudices. It is said by great authorities in taste, that the pure form is lost if colour is introduced; the ideal beauty of form is removed and we have an incongruous mixture. Now, it is a just idea and philosophic, the desire to elicit pure form by the touch of the chisel, but let us not speak against colour because the painter is ready to reply and must be listened to. The painter introduces with his colour as much form as he is capable of producing, and it has, in fact, been the great desire of his heart to produce form as perfectly as possible. Here, then, we have colour added to form. The sculptor has not done it, at least in modern times, but has left out one of the elements;—by doing so he seeks a high ideal, a something more than human,—an ideal, a divine humanity. Well, such a conception must have its due place; but in making the statue of a hero or a man to be remembered, do we not lose the original conception by leaving out colour, and instead of making representations of men, make unto ourselves graven images of our own crude ideas, generally playthings after the models of ancient gods? I have never seen a coloured piece of sculpture worth mentioning, and I know the low style of Art followed by the wax-image maker, but it seems to me that his faults arise not from defective direction so much as from defective execution. He places great hairs upon the eyebrow, each seen distinct, such as Nature does not make them. He colours the cheeks with colours which the human face, except on the stage, does not wear; and his attitudes are stiff, and by no means graced with the talents of the sculptor. We have, therefore, to see the art brought to its utmost before we can speak: and he is a bold man who will dare to decide. To me it seems that the junction of form and colour being still unattained in perfection, argues that the difficulty has hitherto been too great; and after being each by itself studied for a time, their union may fairly be expected to crown the whole. So prejudiced, however, do even I feel, that I would make a probable exception in cases of works of imagination. I confess with many that I am weary of our sculpture; it is, still more than painting, in bondage to fashion, and our first men put marble in such attitudes as neither living man nor Olympian god could possibly have assumed, unless at some masquerade or some wild revel of Pan. Anything that promises Nature, warm feeling, looks of humanity, free, easy motion of human flesh, must be tried, and we will admire it if well done, leaving it alone if it be a failure.

R. A. S.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—One of the finest opportunities for the advancement of Art since the decoration of the Houses of Parliament occurred at the completion of Lincoln's Inn Hall. The western wall is large enough for a Last Judgment. That opportunity has passed; whether it has been seized or neglected time alone can show. Mr. Watts, an artist known already to the Art-public by his prize cartoons in Westminster Hall, has been chosen, we believe, after some competition, to execute a fresco representing all the lawgivers from Moses to Lord Brougham, and has just finished his designs. This great Noah's Ark of an allegory will include Confucius, Charlemagne, Justinian, King John, &c. It will, of course, exclude many deserving sages, and include many who gave laws against their will. There will be Moses, who wrote no laws at all, but was the scribe of another Lawgiver,—Justinian, who paid philosophers to define laws which he was the first to break,—John, who gave a *Charta* because several mailed hands were unpleasantly near his throat. But Edward the

First, our English Justinian, will be forgotten, because painters do not read history,—and Bonaparte, the founder of a Code as wonderful as Charlemagne's, will be kept out, because he was our enemy.—Confucius will be there because his very existence is doubtful,—and Brougham it is said will be neglected because his nose is not adapted for fresco. Hogarth's 'Paul before Felix,' better known by his own caricature of it, where the devil is sawing the leg of the apostle's stool, has been removed to another part of the building. It was one of his many failures in High Art,—and ranks with the 'Fiddling Angels' of Verrio, the wearying commonplace of La Guerre, and the untiring dullness of his father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill.

Some of the old portraits of kings and councillors in the Bristol Council House have of late been undergoing a renovating or cleaning process, in course of which, according to the *Bath Chronicle*, a poor daub of a picture was washed entirely off one canvas, and a picture disclosed beneath which is believed to be one of C. Van Steen's, worth 400 guineas; while, in another instance, a portrait of Charles the Second resolved itself into another representative of his predecessor, James the First.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL WINTER EVENINGS.—Willis's Rooms, THURSDAY, February 23, at half-past 8 o'clock.—Quartet, E. Flat, No. 51, Haydn; Piano, Op. 17, Variations, Concertante, Pianoforte and Violin, with Mendelssohn's Quartet, E. Minor, Op. 45, Spohr; Trio, E. Flat, Op. 70, Beethoven, Solos, Pianoforte; Artists: Molique, Goffr, Hill, and Platti; Pianist, Halle, who will come expressly to London for this Concert.—Visitors at Half-a-Guinea each will have the choice of seats in the Gallery and places not reserved. Subscriptions are let for the seats.—Tickets and particulars to be had of Cramer & Co., Chappell & Co., and Oliver, Bond Street. Doors open at 8. J. ELIA.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY. Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. BENEDETTO.—NEXT THURSDAY, February 23rd, will be repeated Handel's 'ACIS AND GALATEA.'—ENTERTAINMENT.—Vocalists: Miss Birch, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. F. Bodda, and Signor Belletti, with Orchestra of 700 performers.—Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at the Society's Office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall, where may also be obtained, on and after Monday next, an Analysis of the 'Creation,' written for the Society by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, price 6d., or sent by post for 1s. The Vocal score of the entire Oratorio also may be had, price 5s.

HARMONIC UNION. Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. BENEDETTO.—NEXT THURSDAY, February 23rd, will be repeated Handel's 'ACIS AND GALATEA.'—ENTERTAINMENT.—Vocalists: Miss Stabbach, Miss Thirlwall, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. S. Champion, and Signor Belletti.—Tickets, Area or Gallery, 5s.; Reserved, 3s.; Stalls, 10s. 6d.—Office, 5, Exeter Hall.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Handel's 'JUDAS MACCABÆUS' will be performed on WEDNESDAY, February 23rd, under the direction of Mr. JOHN HULLAH. Principal Vocal Performers: Mrs. Endersohn, Miss Dolby, Mr. Augustus Braham, Mr. Frank Bodda. The orchestra complete in every department.—Tickets, One Shilling; Gallery, Half-a-Crown; Stalls, Five Shillings. Doors open a quarter before Seven; commence of half-past Seven o'clock.

THE RUSSELL FAMILY.—Under distinguished Patronage.—The Misses Annette, Maria, Charlotte, and Mr. George Henry Russell (niece and nephew of the celebrated Henry Russell, assisted by Mr. Perrin and Signor Ongrati, respectively), will perform on Friday evening, February 25th, at the **GRAND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT**, consisting of English, Italian, German, and French Songs, Duets, Trios, Quartets, &c., in the Hanover Square Concert Rooms, on MONDAY EVENING, the 26th of February, 1854.—Conductor, Mr. Benedict.—Doors open at half-past 7, commence at 8. Stalls, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 10s.; Tickets and Programmes can be had at the principal Musicellers, and of Mr. G. H. Russell, 53, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

HARMONIC UNION.—In our recent remarks on "Musical Purity," allusion was made to 'Acis and Galatea' with reference to the additional accompaniments by Mozart, which were performed for the first time in England, as promised, at the meeting of the Harmonic Union on Monday last.

Considered in more ways than one, the capabilities and difficulties of Handel's *Serenata* are full of instruction. Scenically, were it performed according to its author's directions, we can hardly imagine that the pleasure given would be great. "There will be no action on the stage"—was Handel's own promise, when advertising a performance for the 17th of May, 1732,—"but the scenery will represent, in a picturesquely manner, a rural prospect, with groves, fountains, and grottos, among which will be disposed a chorus of nymphs and shepherds, the habita and every other decoration suited to the subject." It is difficult to imagine a chorus of London amateurs disposed among the best handwork of Mr. Grieve or Mr. Beverly in chivalry dresses, without an idea of the ridiculous from which good taste recedes. Yet Handel sanctioned, if he did not originally purpose, such a

show. On the other hand, as an opera, or *with* action, 'Acis and Galatea' cannot be presented without violence to the only situation which it contains—the destruction of *Acis* by the rock; and hence, when Mr. Macready put forth his spurious stage-edition of the *Serenata*, Mr. Stanfield, not Handel—the *ballet-master*, not the chorus-composer—were selected to make "the hit,"—and that these might have time, space, and variety enough for their sorceries, Mr. Tom Cooke was permitted to compose additional music.—Betwixt the stage and the concert-room, in short, 'Acis and Galatea' (if considered with a view to dramatic or even pictorial representation) falls to the ground:—and to musical composers, who rest their fame on their productions being repeated with every original adjunct, such fact may serve by way of warning against exceptional, not to say eccentric, experiment. They may not be able to produce creations of a stuff which, like the stuff of Handel's creation, will, may, *must*—abide modifications of time, circumstance and convenience.

As regards musical execution of the *Serenata*, to give 'Acis and Galatea' according to Handel's version is impossible:—since who shall fill his place at the harpsichord and organ? or who can indicate the extent of his labours there,—who, even, decide whether they were constant—the same in each performance of the Oratorio—or changeable, influenced by the moods of the moment? Handel was no purist, we know, in respect to his own music, since he could sanction the insertion of "Cor fedele" by the *Francesina* in 'Israel':—and, since even the purists most often invoked by those demanding an unchanging and stereotyped execution of all music were themselves subject to humanity in the form of impulses, passing suggestions, &c.,—it seems probable that the master may have enriched his scores in many different ways, when he presided over their execution. To produce 'Acis' without some discretionary additions, such as should replace the presiding accompanist, seems, of late, to have been considered impossible. These additions have been oddly made by others than Mr. Tom Cooke. Fancy, for instance, a retoucher, who, betwixt the *staccato* chords at the passage,

See what giant strides he takes, in the chorus 'Wretched Lovers,' absolutely introduced a counter set of *staccato* chords, filling up the bar!—Yet we have been told that such additional accompaniments absolutely exist,—signed, moreover, by a redoubtable musician. Nor has Mozart, even, (with regard to whose love of Handel no question can be made) been able to resist that tendency to interpolation, which the form of 'Acis' seems peculiarly calculated to provoke. By way of a "curtain-tune" to the Second Part, which he thought too abruptly opened with the chorus 'Wretched Lovers,' a sort of *Ciaccona* or slow *Menuetto*, in E flat, was added by him,—in tone, sufficiently voluptuous and tender,—in style, not too widely apart from Handel's own manner. As regards his additional accompaniments, there is something to admire, something (we imagine) to reject,—nor do we imagine that with any of those who analyze and compare, they will take rank, either in importance, ingenuity, or taste, with those added by Mozart to 'The Messiah.'

On Monday, the *solo* parts were sustained by Miss Stabbach and Miss Thirlwall, (the latter lady meriting a word of praise, for her neat and musician-like execution)—Mr. Sims Reeves, who seems to us singing better than ever,—Mr. S. Champion, who has an agreeable light tenor voice,—and Signor Belletti. The last artist, though a quaint rather than a ponderous "monster *Polyphemus*," gave his music in a manner still further to establish himself as the best *basso*, for sacred serious concert-music who is at present accessible.

Of the new Symphony by Mr. C. E. Stephens, which was also produced at this concert, we must speak on some other occasion.—'Acis and Galatea,' we perceive, is to be repeated on Thursday next.

HAYMARKET.—A version, in two acts, of MM. Cormon and Eugène Grangé's vaudeville, entitled 'Un Mari qui se dérange,' was produced on Saturday

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day, under the appellation of 'Ranelagh.' The adapter, Mr. Palgrave Simpson, has somewhat injudiciously lengthened the first act, the main incident of which is rather dull; but the relief given by Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, as *Dr. Coddlelove* and his spouse, who, except when the former is professionally engaged with his patients, are inseparable, saved it from condemnation. In perfect contrast to these are the hero and heroine of the little drama, *Sir Robert Rovely* (Mr. G. Vandenhoff) and his lady (Miss Reynolds), who are scarcely ever together; the wife being left pining at home, and the husband, a rake of George the Second's age, indulging in dissipation, at Ranelagh, with one *Florentina*, an actress. Having pronounced in his dreams the fatal word "Ranelagh," Lady Rovely takes the hint, and follows her erring Lord to the scene of action, enlisting Dr. Coddlelove on her way! The physician's wife, taking advantage of his absence, and yielding to the pressure of female friendship, also ventures there; and thus all parties are brought to the celebrated place of amusement. The scene representing the gardens and Rotunda is capitally painted and brilliantly illuminated. The usual incidents take place—the husband being exposed, involved in several duels, and saved by the adroitness and affection of his wife;—while the comic pair, the Doctor and his lady, are mutually implicated in an apparent intrigue, which proves to be none at all. The best acted parts were the two latter, and to them the ultimate success of the piece must be attributed.

SOHO.—Mr. Henry Nicholls, the dramatic reader, made an appeal to a small portion of the London public as an actor, in the part of *Shylock*, on Friday week. Of the qualities of his voice we have already spoken; and the tones came out finely and distinctly in his enactment of the part. Well practised in the business of the stage, Mr. Nicholls has yet to learn that he ought not to depend too much on his vocal powers, great as they are, and that it is desirable that he should subdue many portions of his performance, in order to gain sufficient variety and relief. We think, too, that in younger characters he would appear to more advantage. His style, on the whole, better befits such parts as *Hotspur* and *Romeo* than the graver personages of the Shakspearian drama. What he has done fully entitles him to a position on the boards;—but we need further experience before we can decide the precise place which he would be entitled to occupy.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—A contemporary has stated that the sum of £2000.—being the proceeds of the Mendelssohn Concert, given in Exeter Hall five years ago, with the aid of Mdlle. Jenny Lind, in aid of the establishment of Mendelssohn scholarships—has been remitted to Germany with that intent. This is an entire mistake, no such remittance having been made; because (so far as the English Trustees have heard) no step has yet been taken in Leipsic in serious furtherance of the object for which the English concert was given, at the instance of the prime Leipsic mover of the affair. For some signs of earnest life and co-operation we believe the English Committee have waited;—perhaps, too long,—even allowing fully for the notorious manner in which such affairs are apt to be procrastinated in Germany, after the first impulse and glory of self-illustration have subsided.

Mr. Lindsay Sloper's first *Sorée* was held on Tuesday evening. The most unfamiliar foreign work in his programme was the *Sonata* in G minor, for pianoforte and violin, by Spohr. It may be suspected, that the pianoforte music of this composer, clever though it be, will always remain unfamiliar to the English amateur.—*Mr. Lucas* announces his usual series of *Musical Evenings*, to commence on the 3rd of March.

Besides the classical entertainments of the week, we must mention this week's *Wednesday Concert*, at which Mr. Sims Reeves was to appear.—On the same evening, *Mr. Crawford*, who seems to aspire to the succession of Mr. Wilson, was to

commence a new *Scottish Entertainment* at the Music Rooms in Store Street.

It is rumoured on good authority that Signor Lablache has at last joined the company at the *Royal Italian Opera*,—and that the season there will possibly be opened by Madame Albion.

We are informed that the *Wednesday Concerts* are about to migrate from *Exeter Hall* to *St. Martin's Hall*.—It is said that the programme of the *New Philharmonic Society* will include new compositions by Messrs. C. Horsley, H. Leslie, Howard Glover, and M. Silas,—independently of the great foreign works to be brought forward.

Among the musical news from Paris this week, figures the fact that—after very nearly as many "yeas" and "nays" as *Lady Heron's* in "Marion,"—a *Licinius* has been found for the revival of Spontini's "La Vestale," which may, therefore, be counted on as certain.—Private information, on which we place reliance, states that the real success of Mdlle. Cruvelli at the *Grand Opéra* is by no means so great as the crowds in the theatre would seem to indicate,—and that the Lady has in no respect improved as a singer or as an actress.—We learn that M. Berlioz has added a second part to his sacred *Cantata*, the "Fuite en Egypte,"—of which an English translated edition may shortly appear.—It is stated further, that Madame Cabel is to remove from the *Théâtre Lyrique* to the *Opéra Comique*.

Since writing the above, we have been informed that Meyerbeer's new opera was to be produced at the *Opéra Comique* on Thursday last. If this prove true, our readers may look for an early account of a work which, in the present plight of Opera, possesses an interest and value so extraordinary. It appears by the *Moniteur*, that the design of the censorship to suppress the work as dangerous, because on a Parisian story, has been overruled by the Emperor,—who declared that the opera is a work of Art, and not a "pièce de circonstance," and as such should be allowed to pass.

Paganini's *cannon* (so that eccentric *virtuoso* is said to have named the Guarnerius violin, which he bequeathed to his native city of Genoa), after having been for many years under lock and key, was the other day brought to "sight and sound" again, in presence of the syndic, of some municipal councillors, and of Signor Sivori, who identified the instrument, and exhibited its extraordinary powers. The church-war, which has been carried on for some time regarding the final sepulture of the remains of that restless being, is not yet brought to a close.

Two German celebrations of Mozart's birthday took place in December last which merit commemoration,—the first at Vienna, because an early opera by Mozart, "La Finta Giardiniera," was there performed,—the second at Frankfort, because it included another of his youthful essays, "Il Re Pastore," a serenade, written at Paris in 1783.

There is an account in this week's *Gazette Musicale* of the first volume of a vast publication devoted to Catholic music, by the Canon Proschke, of Ratisbon. To judge from the minute specification and analysis, the work is alike interesting, valuable, and cheap,—since the volume aforesaid contains twelve Masses for four voices, published in score and with separate parts, amounting to upwards of 800 pages, for the price of only fifteen francs. M. Fétil speaks in the highest terms of a *Requiem*, by Pitoni, which closes the volume. In his "Biographie," M. Fétil has also spoken of this little-known Italian master of the seventeenth century in a manner to make us dwell on his name *exposito*. To return to the work of the Canon Proschke,—its only fault would seem to lie in its purposed scale, which is of an amplitude and extent almost to preclude the possibility of its being completed, especially in German hands.

During last week the Lyceum Theatre was closed for two or three nights without explanation, or with none better than the usual plea of "indisposition." Mr. Charles Mathews has written a very long letter to the *Times* on the subject of his difficulties old and new; of which long letter the following passages refer especially to the sudden closing of the theatre last week.—

"As to the late events at the Lyceum Theatre, these are the plain facts:—Finding that the claims, dating from last Easter, were pressing so heavily upon the present great receipts,—the greatness of the receipts, of course, causing the greatness of the pressure,—and thereby jeopardising the interests of the general company, I called half a dozen of the principals to my room (mind, I called them, not they me), and told them that, to guard their interests, I had resolved to set apart from the nightly receipts the sum requisite for the current salaries, leaving to myself the task of meeting all claims for the past as best I could; claims, I emphatically observe, solely connected with the theatre, and none of them with my personal expenditure. It is right the public should know this. My proposal was received with the warmest satisfaction. The consequence was immediate. No sooner was the first night (Monday last) over, and the receipts appropriated to this legitimate purpose, than fifty judgments were at once acted upon, and at 5 o'clock on Tuesday I was arrested. It being too late to make other arrangements, and a splendid audience having assembled, the customary mode resorted to on the sudden indisposition of a principal performer was adopted, and the indulgence of the audience requested for another gentleman to read my part. This was, strange to say,—and probably the first time such a thing ever happened in a London theatre—unanimously refused, and the money was returned at the doors. On the next evening the bars imposed by all those judgment creditors were removed, and at half-past 5 I sent word to the company that I should be with them in an hour, begging them to be ready to perform their duty. At 20 minutes past 6 I was there, and found the whole company, with a few honourable exceptions, had deserted their posts and quitted the theatre. The doors were once more closed in the face of a numerous audience, and ruin seemed inevitable. I have since called my old fellow-labourers back to their duty, explained the real state of affairs, and I am now happy to say all is going on as flourishing as ever, with cordiality behind the curtain, and good humour in front of it."

—The theatre is once again open,—and the hero of the letter and the foot-lights is as merry before the curtain as ever.

M. Sainville, who for many a day was a tower of strength to the broad farce of the *Théâtre Palais Royal* of Paris, died at the close of January at Pau.

MISCELLANEA

Remains of Roman London.—Some curious relics of Roman luxury have recently been discovered under the deepest foundations of the old Excise Office in Broad Street, which are now being removed for the purpose of erecting extensive ranges of offices for merchants and bankers on this interesting site, once the dwelling-house of Sir Thomas Gresham, and subsequently of his munificent foundation, Gresham College. We are informed that it appeared to the superintendents of these works that there were indications of Roman remains in the foundations, and the workmen were directed by Mr. Clifton, the resident architect, to proceed with great care, to prevent the possible destruction of any interesting fragments. Consistently with these indications, it appears that the workmen came upon a piece of tessellated pavement remaining *in situ*, and, in consequence of the precautions suggested, they were enabled to remove the ruins and rubbish without injury. This pavement has been subsequently cleared out to some extent and has disclosed work of considerable beauty. It was found about 13 feet below the surface, and at least 18 inches below the lowest foundations of the Excise Office—one of the very heaviest walls having been built across it. The piece at present cleared out is the centre of the border of a large pavement belonging to an apartment probably 30 feet square. The pattern is a bold representation of leaves and flowers in their natural colours, executed in the usual way. The attention of the architect, Mr. Tite, having been called to this discovery, he immediately directed that the portion discovered should be carefully secured and protected, and that the walls and arches which stand upon and conceal the remainder should be removed with great care, and the whole traced out as far as any remains could be found. From the fragments of Roman arches in the earth adjoining, and other indications, it is hoped that further interesting remains may be discovered.

We understand that it has been arranged that, as soon as the whole area has been cleared out, the visits of the members of the Society of Antiquaries and other archaeologists will be permitted.

Letter of Charles the Second.—In going over the "Newton Collection"—bequeathed to the Royal Society by the late Rev. Charles Turner, F.R.S.—I found an autograph letter written by Charles the Second, to Sir William Davison, at the time

[FEB. 18, '54]

that the King was abroad—probably at Aix la Chapelle; for he went from that town to Cologne in October, 1695. I am not aware whether the letter has been printed; if not, you will perhaps give it a place in the *Athenæum*. I may add, that the letter bears the King's Royal Seal.

I am, &c. C. R. WELD.

Somerset House, Feb. 15.

“April 8, 1695.

“Sir William Davison.—It hath pleased God so to dispose of my affairs, that I have not any further use of the vessel you took so much care to provide for me; so that I returne her to you againe with many thankes, desiring you to be fully assured that this, and all the other services you have done me, shall never be forgotten by me, who am,

Your very affectionate frnde,
CHARLES R.”

As soone as I come to Collen, and have received the money I expect there, I will returne you the fraught of the vessel; in the meane time, I desire you to lett me know what it is.

Australian Postage Grievance. — A pamphlet book-catalogue, or any unstamped paper, weighing under two ounces, may be sent to the United States of America on affixing to the wrapper one penny stamp,—a similar parcel sent to India and to most British colonies requires six penny stamps,—but if sent to Australia, full letter postage, viz. four shillings, is required. American postage, one penny, *versus* Australian postage, four shillings. Newspapers, however,—that favoured species of literature,—pass between Australia and England at the charge of one penny. Such an anomaly should never exist in a country which prides itself on the wisdom of its legislation. Why political information should have such an undue advantage over general literature is incomprehensible,—it is an absurdity for which the literary world in general and the book-trade in particular have to suffer. If the English Government has any desire to retain its Australian dependencies, a rapid and cheap postal communication will be absolutely necessary,—it is only thus that trade can fully develop itself, and a friendly intercourse between the two countries can be firmly established.

Foreign Newspaper Postage. — The following notice has been issued by the Postmaster General:—Information has been received from the Prussian Post-office that newspapers forwarded from the United Kingdom to Greece or to the Ionian Islands, or to the undermentioned places in Turkey, &c., in which Austrian post-offices have been established—viz.,—Beyrouth, Botuschany, Bucharest, Canea, Constantinople, Dardanelles, Galatz, Gallipoli, Ibrail, Jassy, Larnaca, Myteline, Mostar, Rhodes, Rustchuk, Salonica, Samsoun, Seres, Smyrna, Tenedos, Tchesme, Trebizond, Tultcha, and Varna,—cannot be transmitted through Prussia as newspapers, unless a postage of 1*½*d. per half-ounce be paid in advance, and further, that a rate of 1*d.* each must be prepaid upon newspapers addressed to other places in Turkey. The foregoing rates of postage must, therefore, be paid in future upon newspapers for the places mentioned. Particular attention is called to this regulation, as, if newspapers are posted not so paid, they will be chargeable on delivery with the same postage as letters.

The Coinage of 1853. — We mentioned the other day the extraordinary and enormous amount of our coinage last year; but the other two great Mints of the world have been equally active. The coinage at the London Mint amounted in value to no less than 12,663,009*l.*; in France the coinage of the year amounted to 14,101,120*l.*; and in the United States the amount was 11,961,702*l.*, so that the three principal Mints of the world issued in that one year, coin of the value of 38,725,831*l.* The *Economist* justly remarks that such an immense amount of coinage, still leaving complaints of insufficient currency to conduct the domestic transactions of these three great countries, points to an increase of trade and activity in productive industry without any parallel in the history of the world.

—Times.

To Correspondents. — T. & T. Clark — J. W. — J. P. — C. T. — R. M. — J. P. Drew — J. W. S. C. — H. D. — received.

Errata. — In Mr. Heath's letter of last week, P. 183, col. 1, for “Marjain” read Marjau; for “Amenthoses” read Amen-Mosca. — P. 175, col. 2, l. 28, for “Clarke” read Clarke.

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Sum Assured.	Time Assured.	Sum added to Policy in 1841.	Sum added to Policy in 1848.	Sum payable at Death.
£ 5,000	13 yrs. 10 mts.	663 6 8	787 10 0	6,470 16 8
*1,000	7 years.	157 10 0	1,157 10 0
500	1 year.	11 5 0	511 5 0

* EXAMPLE.—At the commencement of the year 1841, a person aged 30 took out a policy for 1,000*l.*, the annual payment for which is 24*l.* 1*s.*; in 1847 he had paid in premiums 168*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*; but, the profits being 2*1*/_{2 per cent. per annum on the sum insured (which is 22*l.* 10*s.* per annum for each 1,000*l.*), he had 157*l.* 10*s.* added to the Policy, almost as much as the premiums paid.}

The premiums, nevertheless, are on the most moderate scale, and only one-half need be paid for the first five years when the insurance is for life.

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